THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIII, NO. 24. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1905. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

By Constance B. Willard.

THE SWORD OF FATE

Or, From the Steps of the Gallows.

"The loathing, the disgust written on those features!"

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Begun in No. 22, June 3. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

"He's a fool who thinks by force of skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

The Woman's Club of Thamesville was in session, with Mrs. Charles Banton presiding, or rather sitting before a desk table with a gavel in her hand, vainly endeavoring to act as a president should, but sadly aware that she was the last woman to control any one.

At last, after pounding on the table repeatedly, and feeling that she was taking a great liberty in doing so, she managed to open the meeting, and, disposing of other business, announced that a paper would be read upon the subject of "Divorce," after which the subject would be open for general discussion. Mrs. Wilfred Sylvestor was called upon for her paper, and the ladies settled back, expecting something very good, for all admired Wilfred as a talented writer, and were proud of the character of his paper.

Mrs. Sylvestor, however, had not called upon her husband for any help. Since the night when she had refused her sympathy, the husband and wife had drifted very far apart, and she doubted if he knew she belonged to the club. Then, too, she considered herself perfectly competent to prepare a paper, and it was with conscious pride that she walked to the front, rustling her silken skirts, carrying in her hand a roll of white paper, tied with pale blue ribbon, exactly matching that on her dress.

Sitting in the back of the room, Jacinthe Fayetton smiled to herself. The rolled paper and blue ribbon marked the amateur more decidedly than anything else could have done.

Standing up in front of her fellow-dwellers in Thamesville, Mrs. Sylvestor displayed no confusion. Her self-consciousness was so immense that she was buoyed up by it, and after rolling her paper the other way a number of times, and draping her broad blue ribbon about her wrist, she began:

"AN UNCHANGED STORY.

"When we mothers were young, our eyes gloated over such printed matter as the following, and revelled in the love-making:

"'Fitzgerald dropped gracefully on one knee beside the slender, half-fainting form of Lady Emeline, and cried with his hands clasped to his throbbing heart:

"'"Never before have I lacked words eloquent enough for my subject, but then this is the first time I have sought to conjugate the verb Amo. Were I to declare you possessed of the charms of an Aphrodite, the wisdom of a Minerva, the purity of a Vestal Virgin, that your eyes, the mirrors of your soul, reflect the blue of a July sky, your hair has entangled the sunhine of the Orient, that your matchless skin is of the texture of velvet and rose leaves combined, that your voice falls upon the ear like a chime of bells, or the song of the nightingale, through lips of ruby and teeth of pearls, I would be but faintly expressing the reverential admiration your charms excite within this bosom.

"'"My adored one, can I hope that in the years to come, it is within the realm of possibility that you could learn to love me?"'

"So that when Tom, Dick or Harry said: "See here, little girl, you know what I think of you. Can't you care a bit for me and say yes?' they thought him woefully lacking in sentiment and longed for a wooing a la our favorite author, but we accepted him just the same. Today our daughters read:

"The man and the woman sat facing each other. The sun, creeping through a crevice in the blind, turned her hair wine-red and made the one bit of color in the shaded room. They were talking of golf, when he finally asked:

"'"You leave town tomorrow?"'

"'"Yes, I want to practice on the grounds near our country place."'

"'"How long are you going to use my heart as a golf ball?"'

"'"Is that what I'm doing?"'

"'"You know it is."'

"'"What am I to infer from that?"'

"'"That I think we play golf together as well in an occasional game, that we ought to continue to play together the rest of our lives."'

"'"But your heart?"'

"'"Women never use their husbands' hearts for golf balls."'

"'"True, they use the hearts of other women's husbands."'

"'"What is your answer?"'

"'"You promise never to interfere with my golf playing?"'

"'"I promise."'

"'"Very well, then, it's a match,"' and then they begin to discuss the various details of the wedding, deciding to have it on the club grounds, all to be in golfing costume.

"So that when Tom, Dick or Harry says: "See here, little girl, you know what I think of you. Can't you care a bit for me and say yes?' they think him fearfully sentimental, and wish he would display a little poise and originality, but they accept him just the same."

With a sweeping bow, Mrs. Sylvestor started back to her seat, when Mrs. Banton said quietly:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Sylvestor, but your paper was to be on 'Divorce.' Your little story was very pretty, but it did not touch on divorce."

Mrs. Sylvestor turned, her blue eyes flashing:

"Excuse me," she returned with biting accent, "but I do not wish to discuss such a question. There is nothing to discuss. If a woman knows how to manage her husband there will be no need for divorces. As for those who are divorced—well, I wouldn't wipe my feet on them," and she rustled into her seat, holding her little head, fully content with herself.

A slight smile rested on Mrs. Fayetton's lips as she thought:

"You might object to wipe your feet on me, but you do not hesitate to steal my little tale and read it as your own," for the beautiful woman often wrote little stories such as Mrs. Sylvestor had just read, and had lost the one in question about a week before, while she was out walking with her notebook in her hand.

Mrs. Banton looked puzzled.

"I am sorry," she said slowly, "about the paper, for we ought to have one carefully written, giving the pros and cons of the subject, which would form the basis for the discussion. As it is, I will ... you to discuss it informally ... to not all talk at once."

Before the words were ou...

Mrs. Prouty, the wife of the leading physician, arose with much dignity, and said as plainly as her toothless state would permit:

"Madame—Mrs. Bantom—I mean President."

She was duly acknowledged, and continued: "I don't exactly approve of the subject, for we all know no decent woman would be divorced. Dr. Prouty and me have lived together for nearly thirty-five years, and I have managed to keep from divorcing. I guess our home is happy enough. I raised ten children, and four are living and they aren't divorced," and she sat down beaming with complacency, but the others in the room knew that the poor doctor loved his profession because it kept him away from his home the greater portion of his time, and that the four children had not been divorced simply, but then they had not been married.

Mrs. Bitson, the druggist's wife, a rather pretty, discontented-looking woman, arose and said that she thought if there were such things as month-long divorces, so as to teach husbands lessons, it would be a very good thing.

Several of the ladies approached Ransome Preston, who sat there unconsciously, in a pose which was a fine picture with her long hand. He had insisted upon her joining the club, and with her grace and beauty she always attracted attention. These ladies pleaded with her, and at last she arose and stood before them like some figure that stepped from a picture, in her soft, clinging white gown, with the rose-colored light hanging in front of her, unadorned save for her wedding ring.

"Madame, Mrs. President," she said in her deep, clear tones, "several of the ladies here have done me the honor to ask me to say something, but I fear I am too ignorant upon the subject. It is something which has never entered my mind. I seem to regard it as a subject which can never reach me. What can we do? We are governed by a devoted husband, know about such a terrible institution? It cannot be a man-made law, certainly never sanctioned by God. If we admit that divorce is an institution which we sustain, then the sacredness of marriage is abolished. When I think of it I shudder," and the speaker was thrilling. "Just think of my returning home and imagining that at any time, as long as the breath remains in our bodies, my husband and I can be separated by any law of man. I do not believe in second marriages. When a woman once gives herself, her body and soul, to a man, it is forever and forever. That one portion of the wedding service should forever settle the question of the validity of divorce. I mean the vows: 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' and still blushing, and yet filled with her subject, Ransome bowed and sank back in her seat, wondering if Leonardo would object to her speaking in public.

Before the murmurs aroused by her speech had subsided, a slender-appearing woman arose on the other side of the room and a chilly voice broke the silence without any preliminary address:

"I have been thinking about this subject of divorce until my heart is nearly broken. It is well enough for happy wives to talk about scorning it, and upholding the marriage service. I have been married nearly twenty years. Now all I have is my husband," and she stretched out her poor, thin hands, worn with toil, and more than one sympathetic face was turned toward her. She was real tragedy. She was the wife of Jonboy, Mr. Richards' leading salesman, who shamefully neglected his wife.

"He is all I have, and yet I know that I, whom he once chose from all the world, am a drag upon him, and that my death would bring nothing but joy. In the face of such conditions, how can I wish that my husband, whom every one must admire, wants to be free, to marry some younger woman than I, and prettier than I ever could have been, do you wonder that I look toward divorce as the only solution of my life problem, for I cannot kill myself," and breaking down, she buried her face in her hands and began to sob silently and miserably. In sympathy, the little president started to dismiss the meeting, when a clear, strong voice rang out:

"Stop, Mrs. President! I demand the right to be heard," and the astonished ladies saw Jacinthe Fayetion standing before them, her bosom rising and falling, her glorious beauty enchanting them all.

CHAPTER IX.

"Justice or righteousness? Between the two I must choose."

The stately head was bowed toward the chair, and when she had received recognition, Mrs. Fayetion said quietly:

"Pardon me for interfering, but I feel that something should be said clearly and distinctly relative to divorce. In primitive times, but one cause was admitted for divorce, and even for that the Scriptures condemn it. Adultery on the part of the wife caused her to be put away. Nothing was said about the unfaithfulness of the husband. In those days woman was but a female beast; held by her husband to delight his senses and bear his children. Since she has risen a little above this status, the world has begun to recognize the fact that if it is wrong for the wife to break her marriage vows, so it is for the husband, and in our free country it is even easier for her to obtain the divorce than him.

"Still, although this is so, as yet the burden of divorce falls upon the shoulders of the woman. One scandal, no matter what her reasons, she lies under a cloud. The man is pitied, the woman scorned.

"Do I believe in divorce? I answer with all my heart, Yes. Think of a law compelling two beings to live together whose each minute is a moral degradation. Presuppose both of them to be ordinary, honest people. All this will not make such as Mrs. Preston speaks of actual marriage. No one can ever bind and wife together," with a tender smile at the wife, "without knowing this to be the case. However, for this one ideal marriage we all know many which are miserable, breeding discontent and untold misery.

"There is another side to this question which none has touched upon—the evil brought to the offspring of such a marriage. Can a child born of unhappiness, disillusion and positive dislike, if nothing worse, be morally, physically, mentally perfect? And it is for our children, after all, that we live. Our lives at best are short. Evils which crush us may be endured, but can we sit still carelessly, happily, and see the evil working in the home come after us, and know that a hundred years hence, perhaps, something even his birth to our criminal indecision will end his life upon the gallows!

"I say, and I repeat it, that a woman who continues to live with a man she cannot respect and love, and bears him children, is a criminal. She fears the voice of her community. She wonders what people will say. She dare not have gossip. She is overcivilized, and continues to add to the misery in the world. Let the divorce evil among you, my friends, but it is going to be the only one when the world grows wiser.

"Marriage is the only support comfortably a wife and family. Then I would make my ideal marriage a law. Then the sacredness of marriage is abolished. When I think of it I shudder," and the speaker was thrilling. "Just think of my returning home and imagining that at any time, as long as the breath remains in our bodies, my husband and I can be separated by any law of man. I do not believe in second marriages. When a woman once gives herself, her body and soul, to a man, it is forever and forever. That one portion of the wedding service should forever settle the question of the validity of divorce. I mean the vows: 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' and still blushing, and yet filled with her subject, Ransome bowed and sank back in her seat, wondering if Leonardo would object to her speaking in public.

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"Well, you can see me once in awhile, if you are good, for I think Mrs. Richards will allow followers," and Dora laughed in mischievously.

"See here, Dody, you don't go up there as a servant, or I'll elope with you."

Dora laid a soft little hand upon his arm and said very tenderly for her:

"Why, you old Phil, to care so much! Of course I am not going as a servant, but as Mrs. Richards' companion. She gets lonely, and as I'm working in the store I think I am to see that she does not overexert herself. She has never grown strong, and seems to faint so easily."

"Do you think she is going to live long?" Philip asked seriously.

"I do not know. Certainly not if she keeps under such a strain. It is killing her."

Philip drew the little hand within his arm, for they were all alone, and continued: "Then you are going to live with Richards' age?"

Dora hesitated a long while, and at last she said:

"I oughtn't to tell even you, Phil." How his heart beat at that "even you!" "But I know you will never tell."

"Dody, can't you just a little for me?" he asked desperately.

Again Dora hesitated, then she said very gravely:

"Phil, I like you so well that I cannot tell you what I love you or not."

"Marry me and let me convince you that you do!"

"Ah, Phil, more lives are ruined by that than by anything else. If I cannot tell whether, when I am married, with grave speeches and steadfast devotion, I could not tell when the burdens of life press upon us."

"Do you think we would?"

"No one, Phil, and I'll go still further. I think that if I love you now it will kill you," then, half laughing, she drew away. From him and said quickly:

"No, that has been enough. You must behave, or I'll not confide in you any more."

"Well, then, I'll be good. But when, I suppose, for one evening, but, Dody, I love you, see?" and he looked so earnest and sober that Dora was afraid, for she guessed that she could respond to his love as she longed, and that the back would be only her fear of unhappiness after their marriage.

"Let's forget our own affairs and go back to Mrs. Richards," she suggested, and Phil gladly assented.

Since the evening of the dinner party the little fingers giving him strength and hope, Dora had been thinking. I think that before she married Mr. Richards Mrs. Richards would come one else, perhaps was engaged to her.

"You don't say? Who?"

"Mr. Kenton, Ronald Kenton."

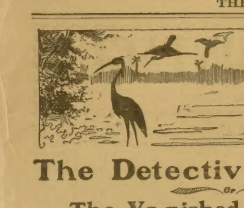
Philip Agnew stood still, gazing at her in intense, troubled surprise. At last he gasped out: "Why?"

"I was driving with her— say, let my hands go, please."

"There's no harm in my holding it while we talk. Dody, I think I do think you ought to show me that much mercy."

Dora was a very clear-headed young woman, but that appeal in the hand beneath the cord far enough, so she left her little hand there, and Phil's heart gave a bound.

"We passed Mr. Kenton. I saw her face flush, then go stone gray. He turned when he met us, and bowed to her, but with what seemed mocking courtesy. Then he stepped to the side of the carriage, called a little boy, who was a stranger, I could not see how the words fit, but at that moment when he left she was so overcome that we thought she would faint. Richards told me to give her some kind of a cordial. I remember that her husband was very jealous of her, and that she had been married to Kenton before she married Richards



The Detective's Island:

Or

The Vanished Stagecoach.

By J. Breckenridge Ellis.

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Begun in No. 20, May 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"When I came to I was tied to a tree. The gang were holding a powwow about me. To cut it short, I was given the alternative of having my throat cut and being thrown into the river to keep poor Jim company, or of being given my parole, thus:

I must swear in the most binding manner to stay with Smith as a farmhand. (Smith is one of the gentlemen of the road, bless his heart!")

"There's bait for Smith, in case he finds the book," observed Keeneyes. "Your brother is not without his fine points."

"Smith, I say, is one of them, but a kinder man, a more generous master, I never knew."

"He never knew any master before," explained Rufus, then resumed his reading:

"How did they come to trust me so? Well, they had the murder of poor Jim on their hands, and I think that a more blood than any of them had bargained for. And they were by my fire that night, that I would keep an oath. Moreover, they expected to be able to keep a sort of watch over me at home. They had a very glad to promise secrecy for the period of one solid month, because they all know I never was their intention to keep Sylvania a prisoner on the island for that length of time. I hoped to be able to see the dear lady again."

"That's what made them trust him, had he but known," Keeneyes interrupted. "They saw he was dead in love. They had him as safe as they had poor Jim. You see now why your brother couldn't write to tell he was safe, and your resentment must have vanished quite away." Rufus nodded and continued:

"I further learned that no villainy was intended against Sylvania. In a month she would be of age, and then they intended to extort money. As I say, I promised. I was disarmed in my wretched cleft and went out to work for kind Mr. Smith. Now I come to my real story. As soon as the disappearance of the stage coach became known, the robbers disbanded to go each to his home. I determined to risk a night visit to the island, and if possible see the lady of whom I thought day and night, and of whom I now think so ceaselessly that sometimes I forget the tasks to which Mr. Smith sets me. I hope he will forgive me; but he is patient. Going to the island was no violation of my oath, for I did not mean to see her again; to let her know a friend was near; to feel, perhaps—though that seemed too much to hope for—the pressure of her rosy little fingers. They are such pretty little fingers, indeed, the entire hand is that of a little child. So is the foot. Oh, little hand! if I could feel your gentle pressure now upon my hand as it writes its feeble praise of thy owner!

"I beseech you, give me that book," interrupted Keeneyes, "and let me read it aloud. I know how to skip, and you do not. Besides, you will not put in any words of your own?" with scrutiny unpleasant.

"I will not," Keeneyes promised. The young man handed him the notebook. "I give you leave to read it, if you can skip those soft sinkholes," he said; "it seems to me that my brother has laid his literary ventures go to his head."

"They have gone to his heart," returned Keeneyes. "But do not despair of him. I have myself been in love, indeed, though I have been married some months, I may say I still appreciate and approve of your brother's sentiments, but they are not sentiments to be read aloud. We will then continue."

CHAPTER XIII.

Keeneyes, in a dry, matter-of-fact tone, resumed the reading of Roger Atterbury's private diary:

"I have now come to the true object of this little book, the record of the perilous adventures which followed the disappearance of the stage coach.

"I waited for the first dark night after the fateful day, then slipped from Mr. Smith's farmhouse, made my way to the river shore, and without difficulty found the skiff in the little bay indenting the forest where the bandits are accustomed to hide it."

Keeneyes had agreed to interpose no remarks of his own in the narrative. He contented himself with an expressive nod which intimated that he would presently search for that little bay.

"I rowed to the island under the cover of the darkness. The current was swift, and I beached the boat at the eastern end of the island. Then I began to explore. I noticed that the elevated part of the island was in the middle. It was composed of a great flat tableland of smooth rock through which some thorn trees had pushed their way. The ground sloped abruptly down from the ridge to a low shore. I crept along this low shore.

"I had not gone far when I detected a man. He stood at the margin of a thicket, leaning upon his gun.

"It was Bud Pump, the stage driver.

"There could be no mistake. The darkness was not sufficient to disguise his ugly countenance, his stiff upward-turning beard, his tall, lank form. But if it had been dark enough to hide him, I should still have known who it was. A dim light stole from between a crevice of the rock, forming a bar of mellow light against the thicket.

"Had I made my way along the table-rock I could not have seen this telltale light. Even on the flat shore, I would not have seen it had I not crept up to the thicket. Bud Pump occasionally paced back and froth like a sentinel afraid of falling asleep. Whenever he passed a certain spot, the bar of light fell upon his face.

"I wish," Rufus interrupted, "that we had a diagram of the island instead of making our way over the summit of the high ridge."

"Why so?" retorted Keeneyes.

"In that case," said Rufus, "we should have seen the light and thus learned that there one or more persons lay."

"I found that out, without seeing the light," returned the detective. "Do you remember when I passed over the table-rock thorn trees and stood awhile in silence? It was because I had heard a faint sound directly under my feet. That was enough to tell me that Clara Corrigan was concealed under the rock. It was a reasonable inference—"

"Please continue the reading," said Rufus hastily.

"It was now my consuming desire to penetrate to that light and find out if the unfortunate heiress was a prisoner under the high ridge of rock. How could I, still past Bud Pump without being heard?"

Keeneyes interrupted himself to say, "I'll tell you what he ought to have done."

"No, no," Rufus pleaded, "let's hear what he did."

"At last I hit upon a device. I threw a heavy stone into the river. It made even a louder splash than I had intended. Bud Pump would hardly examine the cause of the noise. I immediately slipped through the thicket to the crevice in the wall of rock. I found a space about two feet by three feet which ran up from the ground to a distance of about four feet, narrowing as it ascended. It formed a regular door into what appeared to be a cave.

"And I soon found, however, it was not a cave. It was simply a long room or rock-cell, and where it ended I could hardly know what name to give it. However, it is of no manner of consequence. The room is one I built by the hands of men, but was on too large a scale to have been so built, unless the Indians or conquistadores plump across the thing up in the days when there were no mountaineers to command the convey body put in his time at hard work. The roof was of solid rock, like the floor of the rock and earth, conglomerate. The room was about fifteen feet high, twelve feet wide and of considerable length. One end was of solid rock. The other end was stopped with a rude construction of earth, stones, and vegetation. I presently found that this accumulation was of recent date.

"The room was dimly lighted. The floor stood two coal-oil lanterns at some distance apart, and it was from one of which had stolen through the crevice in the wall.

"By means of the lanterns I made my way through the crevice and looked about hastily for some means of hiding myself from Bud Pump, if I felt sure I should return and safely examine the room to see that all was well.

"At the end of the room, to my left, I was were attracted by an object which filled me with amazement.

"It was the stage coach! I stared at it, overpowered with astonishment. There it stood, safe and guarded by the most eccentricity of the room, as if awaiting the horses to carry it away.

"There was no thing, however, to enjoy my surprise to the full. The coach suggested a mockery of its former glorious adventures which followed the disappearance of the stage coach.

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"No, no," Rufus pleaded, "let's hear what he did."

"At last I hit upon a device. I threw a heavy stone into the river. It made even a louder splash than I had intended. Bud Pump would hardly examine the cause of the noise. I immediately slipped through the thicket to the crevice in the wall of rock. I found a space about two feet by three feet which ran up from the ground to a distance of about four feet, narrowing as it ascended. It formed a regular door into what appeared to be a cave.

"And I soon found, however, it was not a cave. It was simply a long room or rock-cell, and where it ended I could hardly know what name to give it. However, it is of no manner of consequence. The room is one I built by the hands of men, but was on too large a scale to have been so built, unless the Indians or conquistadores plump across the thing up in the days when there were no mountaineers to command the convey body put in his time at hard work. The roof was of solid rock, like the floor of the rock and earth, conglomerate. The room was about fifteen feet high, twelve feet wide and of considerable length. One end was of solid rock. The other end was stopped with a rude construction of earth, stones, and vegetation. I presently found that this accumulation was of recent date.

"The room was dimly lighted. Two floor stood two coal-oil lanterns at some distance apart, and it was from one of which had stolen through the crevice in the wall.

"By means of the lanterns I made my way through the crevice and looked about hastily for some means of hiding myself from Bud Pump, if I felt sure I should return and safely examine the room to see that all was well.

"At the end of the room, to my left, I

THE MYSTERY OF THE MONTAGUE

By JEAN JUDSON

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Begun in No. 61, May 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

Gladly the prisoner sprang to his feet to welcome her, thinking that she had at last relented or saw the folly of her attitude toward him and would now do what she could to defend him. Yes, Emily would do this, for her children's sake if for no other reason. He was glad to know that she had come to her senses.

As she stepped into the cell, he welcomed her warmly.

"You have made me very happy by this, Emily," he said, as he put his arm gently about her. "I knew that you would come to judge me less harshly when you had once gotten over your temper. You know the best man in the world would not have acted very differently. I——"

Withdrawing herself, and standing at a little distance, the heartless woman said:

"You are mistaken, Samuel. I did not come here to discuss this humiliating affair. My convictions are not altered in the least, let me assure you. In fact, they are only more fixed, if anything, after listening to the testimony of what I could not help but think that you are the only one forced to suffer by your—by this, you are wrong. I have my share of it, but I am glad to know I have thought it best to say absolutely nothing about the affair, or about your connection with it, and because of the position which I have taken I have been severely criticised. I am called cold and heartless, and the dear knows what, because I do not say. No, my poor husband is entirely innocent of any relation with the woman whatsoever—I wouldn't permit myself to believe that he could be so false to me or to his own manhood. He may have been tempted as are most men, but is he to blame for that? He should be praised for not yielding to temptation, and so on. I repeat, because I cannot play the hypocrite and say all these things, assuming the attitude of the long-suffering wife, I am greatly abused. This I have not only been told, but your congregation have made me feel it, by their attitude and actions toward me."

"I cannot see, Emily, why you did not take this position, since it is the true and sensible one for you to take. Now, very well know that I could not have done other than comply with the woman's request, and enter her room. I——"

Steam as she——

"Oh, Samuel, I have done with such argument. I have no patience with a man who screens himself behind a woman's petticoats in an affair of this sort. I would much far more manly to say that, being smitten with her charms, you invited yourself to her room and——"

"I suppose it would be just as well if others are as suspicious and unbelieving as yourself, Emily. But I wish to say this: Beyond any simple statement of the facts, I shall give no information except that which may be forced from me."

Both sat for a time in silence. The minister occupied the moments with studying his wife. At last he said:

"You seem to feel relieved that I will offer no further defense, Emily."

She started at his words, and he observed that her color heightened as she faltered:

"Well, you see it is best that you should prefer to have you admit your criminality, rather than to pose as a coward. It was for this reason that I could not act in a way I am relieved, for I feared the fault of cowardice might be charged to others."

At these cold words the prisoner set his teeth firmly together and stared at the floor for several seconds. Then he said huskily:

"I suppose I ought to be glad of anything this much interest in me. Well, well, you have given me food for reflection."

She stirred uneasily in her chair, with her eyes cast down for a time, then raised them and regarded him curiously. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Never mind, I should not like to misjudge you. But, Emily, let me say this: In your position I might prove as cruel as yourself—but if I did I should have to have some great punishment to be visited upon me, that it might drive all resentment and make me more mindful of the feelings of others, and think less of self. In this world right generally prospers, and I have no doubt that one day I shall be vindicated. If it does happen it, however, is too late for to me at this time. I have needed your sympathy and assistance. What have I had? Cruelty, insult, injustice. But I repeat to me at this time. I have needed your sympathy and assistance. What have I had? Cruelty, insult, injustice. But I repeat that perhaps this is the outcome of this trial should be the worst that could happen me—that is, if I am convicted of taking this woman's life, you will not let my children be reared to think their father is a criminal—you will tell them so——"

"Oh, there is time enough to talk over such matters after the sentence, if such a thing is possible. I am hoping it will not prove so serious, and I do not see how it can, with suspicion pointing in so many different directions. The woman's husband, for instance. Suppose he had accidentally happened in town unknown to her, and, finding his way to her chamber, heard your voices in the next room. Recognizing here he might——"

"Upon my soul, Emily, this might be the solution of the crime. Have you heard anything that might lead one to think he was in town on the night of——"

"Well, yes. Some one closely resembling him was seen to get off the 10 o'clock train from Boston."

"It would be easy to learn if he stopped over night," the minister interposed.

"That would not be necessary," his wife replied. "After the—after committing the crime he could have taken a train back or stepped on a street car. As I started home from the hotel that night, after talking with you, I saw a rather nice-looking stranger crossing the street. He passed me and turned in the direction of the hotel."

"Why have you not mentioned this before, Emily?"

"I did, to the authorities, but they told me they knew who the stranger was that I referred to, and it was not Mr. Stirling."

"What do you think of Stirling, Emily? Did he bear any resemblance to the man you saw?"

"As I was alone and the hour was late, I did not look at the man when he passed, as I came so near as to do, but I could be certainly resembled Mr. Stirling. Middle height, broad shouldered, inclined to flesh. These public officers seldom catch a criminal, if he once gets away and has any ability whatever as regards self-preservation. They generally fool around arresting the wrong man, and thereby only serve to draw attention from the real criminal, give him the chance to escape or to cover his tracks. While he, the real guilty one, could buy up all the men along the road, if he had to, in order to keep from being called to bring the perpetrator of this crime to justice. She was evidently a cold-blooded, unfeeling thing, for he sat in the courtroom this morning and never blinked an eye when the coroner's jury rendered its verdict.

"Well, I must say that I was terribly indignant, and am still. My feelings have been so much outraged that I cannot forget and never forgive."

"It is unfortunate for you to say that you will never forgive, Emily."

"It is true, but I am inclined to be honest. People pretend to forgive and say that they do, but I think they forgive only to forget. I can say that I have never ceased to forget this wrong of yours, I can never forgive. I was humiliated to the very dust while we may be forced to live together in the future, it shall be as man and wife in name only. Our children will understand the mother of your children, and your housekeeper."

"You will permit me to say, Emily, that I cannot see how this arrangement is very desirable from which to be elected for the next two years, if——"

"Samuel, Samuel! I know what you are going to say, Samuel, and beg you to spare me. If men were such slaves to their virtues as they are to their passions, what a hell is the use in talking over these things? I am going to my room, and I desire you not to attend to at home. Good-by. I suppose the worst will be over by this time tomorrow. You will be released, convicted of no greater crime than that of infidelity."

The cold woman left the courtroom more densely packed than the day previous. All had come to see what the prisoner's wife had to say in his defense. Few believed the tracks in the snow were really his own. They believed that he had found means to wholly unlocked for.

As the prisoner took the stand it was amid great noise and confusion. People crowded to the front, jostled each other, and stood on chairs in order to get a better view.

When quiet had been restored, eyes, ears and necks were strained as never before to catch every detail of the minister's story.

Many of those who had come there did he truthfully relate the all-important evidence concerning the finding of the body.

The members of his congregation, unprepared for the revelation, seemed stunned rather than incredulous. And it is true, no doubt that one day I shall be vindicated. But it does happen in this world that one is

been imprudent enough to lend the impression that I told her a falsehood concerning the time that I was in the woman's room. The cloud darkens. I wonder if she is really honest in believing this, or unpardonably malicious, and the demon of jealousy keeps her stirred to such a pitch? She is wise—yes, she is shrewd. I am inclined to think that she did not speak these words carelessly or without forethought. Then her treatment of me is unforgetable—it is damnable!"

In utter dejection did this unfortunate victim of circumstances now commence to pace the floor of his narrow confines. So absorbed was he in thought that he did not observe the figure or hear the voice outside saying: "Please, Mr. Dalton, may I come In?" until the question was repeated.

Quickly shirking about, he was surprised to see Miss Paulina Danby, the soloist of the Unitarian Church, standing in front of his cell with the turnkey.

With her sweet, girlish face and angelic smile she seemed at that moment like one just descended. While called beautiful by many, the minister had never looked upon her in the light that the graces were a bit irregular. Certainly the mouth was too wide and the nose a trifle too long for a beauty to possess. He had often thought upon her indescribable sweetness, however, and when at last she made her appearance among his congregation, her wonderful bright eyes, smile and the glimmer of the white teeth had often haunted his study hours. Emily had a smile almost as sweet when she was in amiable mood, but the genuineness of the one now beaming upon him, and the more extensive range, made a vivid contrast between the two. He had often found himself studying the soloist, but never felt so well acquainted with her as he did with many of his followers. She always appeared in his presence, and showed more or less anxiety to get away whenever he attempted to engage her in conversation. He now remembered that she had not shown herself in the courtroom or taken any apparent interest in his incarceration. Above all, she was the one whom he was the most surprised to see at this time. When admitted to the cell he motioned her to the one chair and seated himself on the cot beside her.

"I come quite empty-handed, you see," she began, "since a young girl is not privileged to bring you comforts, as are the elder women, else I would readily replace those that have been taken away."

As she spoke these words the tears brimmed to her eyes, then over and down the round cheeks. "I—I can't help it," she gasped, then, drawing her handkerchief from her coat pocket, she sobbed convulsively. "I—I think it is just dreadful!"

"Tears for me?" said the minister, smoothing back her hair as he would a child's. "Never before did any one shed tears for me, save my mother. You have brought me more than flowers, and fruits, and rich furnishings, my dear; you have brought undisguised sympathy. It is sweet and comforting when one realizes that it is genuine. I feel better already for this tenderness, this evident concern as to my welfare. But do not trouble your heart so about me. I shall come out of this all right. I must confess that it looks very serious just now, but the worst has happened. My conviction for murder would be an absurdity. You are not fearing that, Miss Danby?"

She dried her eyes, looked up quickly, then shook her head, and said:

"Oh, I don't know, but—but I would advise you not to be too hopeful of your acquittal. People are so ready to believe evil of one, it seems, and the clouds are all the time gathering. I had hoped—" Here she stopped confusedly, her color heightened perceptibly, and she picked at her gown for a moment.

"I had hoped," she repeated, "that Mrs. Dalton's sudden ill turn upon the women and denounce them for disbelieving in you. But since she did not, matters have taken a most serious turn and there are ugly rumors afloat. I think she must be dazed or crazed with horror of all this and scarce knows what she says or is about. I called upon her, but when I told her that some of her words—lightly spoken, and thoughtlessly, no doubt—had been wrongly construed and that she had better set the public right, it displeased her to be criticised and she became very angry with me. You must know that I meant no harm, I only meant good, and so I tried to convince her, but she was stern, and I feel very bad about it. She informed me that she was not in need of advice; if she were I would come with better grace from an older person than myself. I am sorry to have incurred her displeasure, and I want to ask you to tell her so. She insinuated that I was not a friend, but indeed I am. I wanted to talk with her further and try to persuade her not to listen to the stories told by those who seem to condemn you, but I found her so hard to talk with I could not. I am sure you will explain to her that I meant no harm. David, your little boy, came into the room while we were talking, and brought a doughnut wrapped in a piece of paper, saying it was for his papa, and asked me if I would take it to him. The child seemed to be under the impression that my coming was for his benefit, and smiling feebly. "I assured him that I would carry it safely to you, and the promise was too sacred not to be fulfilled. Here it is."

"So I am not quite deserted," said the minister in unsteady tones, as he reached his hand for the token of love. He spoke with an effort, and looked into the companion observered that his eyes were moist.

"Now, Mr. Dalton," she continued, "my object in calling upon you this morning, I hesitate to mention, since the matter is quite a delicate one. However, I must have it over with. I have more money than I can ever make use of in a lifetime. Now I want you to use some of it, all that you may need. You see, if the worst happens, your family may come to want—that is, if you should be imprisoned. I fear the thought of any discomfort brought to them through this unfortunate affair may add to your distress, and, thinking that you perhaps hasn't little ahead, I—I want to—"

"What a grand and rare character is yours, Miss Danby! I scarce know how to thank you for all this tender consideration and generosity," the prisoner interposed, "and I should not like to accept this from you. Her family is well to do, and no doubt will come to her assistance should the worst befall her. Should they fail to do so, then I might take a loan of you—what an angel you are! No, the blow will not fall upon my wife and children so badly as it will upon another. My mother, Miss Danby, is sixty-five years old, and has been dependent upon me for support for years. Well, since I was a boy of sixteen I have been sending her an allowance out of my salary each month. She must suffer if this fails her. A small remittance to her once a month until I can look after her would be the greatest favor that any one could confer upon me at this time."

"I shall be happy to do this for you, Mr. Dalton. I promise to look after her comforts as I would those of my own mother if I had one. And—and in this connection let me say—you see I must say all that I have to right now, because I cannot come again—I shall put all the cheer into her heart that I can, and let her know that many still love you and believe in you."

"But that would be false, Miss Danby. I feel there are few whom I can count among my friends."

"Well, Mr. Dalton, a lie sometimes has more virtue in it than the truth. Under such circumstances I can tell one with the sweetest, smiling grace."

"Miss Danby, what a heart is yours, and what a woman you are. It must be that a guardian angel has been sent to me in this dark hour, when it seems I am so helpless."

"Do not so, exaggerate a good turn, Mr.

"I am more grateful than I can express."

Dalton. By comparison only does it seem more than an ordinary act of friendship. I am simply glad that a member of your congregation should do who is fortunate enough to have a small share of their counsel and confidence. You have my prayers that our worst fears are unfounded and that tomorrow will find you free and vindicated. Good-night, Mr. Dalton," she said almost in a whisper, and the man standing before her observed that she trembled at the parting word.

He pressed her hand warmly, and looking down into her eyes, said:

"You have comforted me much. May Heaven reward you for all the brightness that you have brought to this damp prison cell."

The continuation of this very interesting story will be presented in the Ledger of next week. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Agitator.

"Do you see that man in the frayed trousers? Well, he has been shouting for free street cars and free electric lights."

"And is he supported?"

"Yes, by free lunch."

Heroine.

Pearl—I suffered him to steal a kiss last night.

Ruby—The nerve! And did you call your mamma?

Pearl—No, I am brave. I suffered in silence.

The Detective's Island.

(Continued from page three.)

troubled and excited, and I always look my best under such circumstances.

"Then," I said, 'I do not see any reason why you hazard your life and that of your uncle by paying attention to groundless scruples. If you love this man, and since you wish to marry him, signify to Bud Pump your willingness for the ceremony. Do not linger here an entire month in the heart of this island when a word will not only make you free, but make you happy. It is impossible that any one should ever find you here.'

"She little dreamed with what bitterness I spoke these words. Indeed, she seemed to take me in perfect good faith, for she answered, 'I believe you are right. Yes, I will marry him at once. Go back to your farm, my good friend, and trouble yourself no more about me.'

"Little more was said between us. We did not even shake hands at parting. I slipped from the coach and succeeded in eluding Bud Pump. I returned to Smith's, consumed by terrible . . .

"And then he went to bed," Keeneyes added, condensing two entire pages in those few words. "Now we'll see what happened next."

CHAPTER XV.

Keeneyes resumed the reading of Roger Atterbury's private diary:

"The next few days after my stolen interview with Sylvania were the most miserable in my life.

Keeneyes glanced hastily over the following lines, then said to Rufus: "He thought at one time he would never go back to the island, but his love prevailed a week later. Now, here he goes."

"I prowled around as on my first visit. This time the stone room was guarded not by Bud Pump but by another of the bandits. It then occurred to me that they took turn about in watching over the lady. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that she was there every night in the power of a desperado, I knew she was quite safe. Her fortune is immense, and if she will marry Darcy White, they will get a large slice of it. It is to their interest to see that no harm befalls her. As no one had suspected my former visit, I did not find the guard very vigilant. I had no trouble in creeping through the crevice in the wall and entering the room of the prisoner, which the stage-coach stood as a castle. I crept to the window and tapped upon the window. The curtain was drawn, and the light from the lanterns showed me the face of Sylvania. I thought her paler and more despondent than a week ago.

"You! she exclaimed in a cautious voice. It was not so low but I thought it trembled with welcome. I climbed into the coach and sat beside her. 'I am so glad, so glad, so glad,' she said three times, very earnestly.

"I did not know what to say. I still felt a bleeding heart because she loved Darcy White. I said to her, after some meditation, 'Lady, do I address you as Miss Corrigan, or as Mrs. White?'

"For when I made this second visit I did not know.

"'I am still Miss Corrigan,' says she, with a bow. Then her face changed and she says, 'Oh, how could you ask me such a question?'

"'You told me,' said I, 'that you meant to marry Darcy White six days ago.'

"'Let us not talk of Darcy White,' she said.

"'My heart leaped with gladness. To dismiss a man I asked her how the stage coach came onto the island.

"She said she believed it had been drawn across by means of a long rope, at the time I lay unconscious upon the river bank. She did not know what had become of the horses. Probably they had been ridden to an adjoining State and disposed of. I asked her if she really believed they would take her life if she refused to marry.

"She said she did not believe so. She thought if she persisted in her determination not to marry they would try to extort ransom from her father. As that would be fraught with great risks to the bandits, they preferred, of course, to get ransom from White.

"I asked her where her uncle was.

"She told me they had carried him down the river in the boat, but she did not know what they had done with him or with Darcy White.

"I did not keep from asking, 'Do you think you will submit to their wishes, Miss Corrigan?'

"'In what respect?' says she.

"'Will you marry Darcy White?'

"'I think it more than likely,' says she.

"I arose.

"'You have said I, 'that it is unfortunately beyond my power to be of service to you. Good-night.'

"'I find it very lonesome here,' she murmured.

"'I regret,' said I, 'that Darcy White cannot bear you company.'

"'Oh, Miss Corrigan, 'but as he cannot come, I think you might stay.'

"'It is my misfortune that I cannot fill his place,' said I with an overwhelming bitterness of soul.

"'Mr. Atterbury,' said she, 'just reflect that I am here day after day with no companion but the lighthearted, coarse fellow, with whom I never speak a word. He pokes me my food through the crevice, but does not even cut it in the blockers' bread. Ah, the dry, shucky, intolerable baked bread! Is there no pity in your heart that you cannot stay a little while to talk to me of the outside world?'

Keeneyes paused long over the following pages, commenting thus: "He stayed. Here is a great deal of conversation about nothing. Here's his third visit, Mr. Atterbury, and if you believe me, he is carrying her biscuits and corn-pone and sparerib! Now he has gone on his fourth visit to her. He played long this time. He is more in love than ever. There is not a word about Darcy White. He is afraid to mention him. Here's a fifth visit. He begins to think she might have cared for him if it were not for Darcy White. Here's his sixth visit. He took place only last night."

"Last night!" cried Rufus. "It's a wonder we didn't meet him on the island."

"I'll read this last scene," said Keeneyes. "The visit must have taken place soon after the three men, whom we discovered to leave the boat in the little channel, had left the island. I'll skip where he started out in the darkness and all about his encounters and his thrills. Here he is on the island, and here he is crawling through the crevice."

Keeneyes then resumed reading.

"When she saw it was I, her face was swept by a look of the wildest emotion. She seemed strangely agitated and after I had climbed into the coach she caught my hand and drew it to her convulsively. I felt very still, enjoying the scene, and realizing that she knew not what she did. I think I could not have moved if the coach had been on fire. With these very fingers."

(Continued on page ten.)

ME TOO

The "Tall Enders" That Follow Genuine Articles.

It is sometimes interesting to watch the curves imitators make to get the public to buy imitations of genuine articles.

Every now and then some one will think there is a good opening for doing something like Postum Coffee and advertise the same to take some of the business.

An imitator is naturally ignorant of food values and how to skilfully make a cereal coffee, such as Postum is.

Such men first think of preparing something that will taste like the original, with no knowledge of how the grains should be treated to prepare them so that the starch will be transformed into dextrine and the valuable nourishing elements made digestible.

Such imitations may be foisted on the public for a short time, but the people are coming to know more intelligently, and the imitators go out of business.

Postum is the result of close scientific tests that have been started in various parts of this country, and have proved and practically all of them have gone the "long journey." Just lately a new one has come to life and promises to have a short life, but a ready favor by copying the style of the Postum advertising of the papers.

This is a free country and every man who makes an honest product and honestly tells the truth about it deserves confidence, but the public has the right to know the facts.

Postum is the one original and genuine Cereal Coffee made skilfully and for a definite purpose. It has stood through all the wars of the imitators, has won the approval of the Physicians and the people.

People who really seek to free themselves from the coffee habit and at the same time to rebuild the soft gray matter in the nerve centres and thus reconstruct the nervous system, broken down by coffee, can rely on Postum.

There's a reason.

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UNION LABEL
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No doubt the grand ducal party finds it hard to give up its graft.

A white man is not likely to cut so much ice in the Orient after this.

St. Petersburg did well to celebrate a victory before the news of the battle arrived.

Saturday was one of the days which decide how the world's maps are to be colored.

Some of the big failures in the East indicate that frenzied finance is bearing its natural fruit.

President Roosevelt will be awfully pleased to learn that Secretary Morton approves of him.

New York announces that it is as big as London. This does not hurt London and it pleases the New Yorkers.

In years to come the oldest inhabitants in Savanna will date things from the time of the Berry-Fulford sensation.

To think that Mary Elizabeth Lease obeyed the bad burglar just as any poor, weak woman might have done!

Philadelphia is thoroughly awake, but it is to be feared that it will go back to bed as soon as the excitement is over.

Advance skirmishes indicate that the batting average of the tornado will be exceptionally high in the southwest this year.

As to the naval battle Tokyo feels that it is all over except the agreeable duty of marking the price of peace up a few notches.

Governor LaFollette will try to have Wisconsin in apple-pie order by the time the extra session of Congress meets.

It will keep a large force of historians busy for years writing down the history of Rojestvensky and Togo made in a few hours.

It is instructive to reflect just now that the twentieth century was once looked forward to confidently as the era of universal peace.

Eight of the nine Carnegie medals were awarded for rescues of drowning persons. Those who aspire to be recognized as heroes should learn to swim.

A contemporary announces that "the condensed milk men" protest against some features of the pure-food regulations. Did you ever see a condensed milkman?

SLAVES OF BELL AND WHISTLE;

KENNETH M'GREGOR'S CLAIM.

By ANNIE L. SMITH.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 18, May 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from nearest agents, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Extinguishing the gas that was paling in the yellow daylight, Levi seated himself in a lounging chair before the open window and awaited the coming of the magistrate. Faint vapor wreaths floated up from the sodden street, the tender foliage of maple and elm shadowing the grounds was glistening emerald green.

Half an hour passed, and the master began to turn uneasily.

"Will he never come? I tell you I must unburden my soul or I shall go stark, staring mad!" he muttered.

Even as he spoke, there was the sound of rapid footsteps coming up the walk, and the bell rang sharply.

Levi hastened to admit the visitor, and at once conducted him to the sick man's chamber.

Zalmon recognized Joe Dorritt on the instant.

"I'm glad you have come," he began abruptly. "I have a confession to make. I cannot rest, I cannot die, until I unload my conscience. I'll tell you the truth and I want you to write it down. If I make a clean breast of it, perhaps God will then give me."

"Confession is good for the soul," returned Dorritt. "If you have committed a crime, it is better to confess, even at the eleventh hour."

Seating himself beside the little table that Levi placed beside the bed, the detective produced paper and a fountain pen, and signified his readiness to begin.

"A few months ago Royal Cranston was murdered in his office, and Kenneth McGregor was arrested and committed on the charge of murder. He was innocent, but a chain of circumstantial evidence was sufficient to cause his arrest."

"Are you certain?" asked Dorritt, "have you the means of proving Kenneth McGregor innocent?"

"I am certain, and I know who committed the murder."

"And are you——"

"No—thank God! It was not my hand that did the awful deed, but I saw the assassin—saw the blow struck, as God hears me, I could not have prevented it—I was a moment too late."

"You saw the crime committed, and yet you allowed an innocent man to be charged with the murder? Great heavens! how can I," questioned Dorritt, sternly.

"Listen—let me tell my story in my own way, and you shall judge."

"Go on."

"You know that it is an old adage, 'a woman is at the bottom of every crime'—it was so in this case. I had fallen madly in love with Caryl Cranston, and for months I had been trying to devise some complan my object, which was to make her my wife. To win what I desired, I made use of a tool that fate provided.

Norman Harrison was the man."

Dorritt picked up his pen—here was confirmation of Levi Gerry's statement. The portion that Levi had been unable to hear would elucidate the story.

"By what means I had gained an ascendency over Harrison I will not disclose. You recollect the bank robbery some years ago; inexplicable as it appeared to the public, there was still greater mystery attending the affair. On that particular night I had been out late, and returned home about an hour or two past midnight. Taking a short cut through Royal Cranston's into the narrow alley at the rear of the bank. As I turned the corner the sound of a window opening attracted my attention. I crept forward and crouched beneath the window that had been left unfastened. A burglar was within—only one, for I had caught a fleeting glimpse of a figure—a small man.

"I think the devil put the diabolical idea in my head. Here was the opportunity to enrich myself beyond my wildest dreams without danger. My loose gray coat, lined in black, turned inside out and buttoned about my neck, made an admirable disguise of my form. A black neckerchief spread over my head and face, with slits serving as eye holes, completed my disguise. I had not long to wait in the dark nook upon the opposite side of the narrow alley. The burglar must have known the combination, for in a few moments he dropped from the window, closed it, and replaced the grating. As he turned away I raised my head over my shoulder with an iron grip. I demanded the money, promising I would return it, and representing myself to be a member of the corporation.

"Trembling with terror, he gave up the booty. You know the result. From that hour Norman Harrison was my slave. I forced him to draw up a deed, the paper which secured the Cranston estate. The signature was Cranston's own, the notes were obtained from him by fraud. The train was in readiness. I was aware of what was known to but one person beside myself—Dr. Garbutt, his family physician. Cranston was suffering from organic heart trouble, and his tenure on life was slight at the best. These papers were prepared in view of such a contingency, with the bulk of the estate in my hands, Caryl Cranston might be compelled to marry me.

"I had learned that Kenneth McGregor was her favored suitor. There had been a large sum deposited in the bank, I had procured a duplicate key, and on the night of the murder I disguised myself thoroughly and went to the office. I had set a goodly amount of work for Kenneth McGregor to perform—not necessary, but for the purpose of proving him upon the spot. I meant that suspicion should fall upon him. To that end I had purchased a violin string, knowing him to be an expert on that instrument. He was musically inclined, when I had purposely dropped it.

"I had determined to secure the money and at the same time rid myself of a hated rival. I had no idea that Cranston would be at the office, but knew his usual habits, and what brought him there I have never learned. That point was taken aback. When I was about to enter by way of the door leading into the rear yard I perceived Cranston, Dr. McGregor and Caryl in the office, and making my way to the window, I peered in. McGregor and Cranston were engaged in a conversation relative to some invention they were jointly engaged in, and I took a casual glance. I learned that the old man had given his consent to the marriage of his daughter with the young mechanic. I was dumb with astonishment, and a devil entered my heart. The young man was the inventor, and no call to finish the repairing I had ordered, but instead he was about to finish some piece of work required in the invention.

"I can have the piece fitted in an hour; I heard him say as he closed the door, whistling a lively air as he passed down the corridor.

"I was in a towering rage and baffled in my design. I was about to leave the spot when the door opened from the corridor. Instead of McGregor a swarthy, ill-favored man entered. Cranston's back was turned toward the door, and if he heard a sound he did not turn his head. I saw a dark, sinewy hand raised, and like lightning the blow was delivered. With a moaning cry Cranston fell forward, his head resting as it struck the victim's head full upon the arm.

"In an instant the villain drew a long, narrow-bladed dirk and plunged it into the old man's breast. Before I had time to realize what had happened the murderer had disappeared by the same way he came. There had been no outcry.

"I have plenty of nerve—or did have—and after watching for several minutes I determined that the work of the assassin should not be in vain. Cautiously unlocking the rear door, I stepped within. I took the two book doors and turning the keys in the locks. I was alone. At a moment's work I open the safe and abstract the money, for I had the combination. Then the idea occurred to me that I might fasten the guilt of the murder upon my rival. I had intended to have secured as a witness to how I would have him branded as a murderer. A moment's work in transferring and lying upon the desk; but a few moments sufficed. I dropped the blood-stained instrument in the pool of blood. I did not wish to implicate the innocent person, and it occurred to me to telephone the police from the family residence. In an hour the witnesses would be upon the scene, and the arrest would surely follow—as it did. The half-pint of whisky I carried in my pocket was empty before I reached home.

"That night and the next morning I drank myself into beastly state of intoxication.

"The devil had helped his own. Royal Cranston was buried by the hands of my claim, and there was none to dispute. I was free to carry out the program by proposing marriage to the then heiress and daughter, but that scheme was thwarted; she fled—to what depths of suffering none know. She lies buried beside her father. From the latter's bier only was the fatal day's days have been miserable, my nights of fear. For the death of Royal Cranston I am not answerable—Caryl's miserable fate I alone am to blame. I robbed her of love, and then compelled her to a suicide's grave. I am dying here—I know it—my hours—my hours are numbered. My faithful servant here can tell you that I am the victim of a fatal disease—a malady decreed by my fate. My loneliness has shortened my life. This dwelling, secured by my shelter, neither do I fear the law of I have confessed all, and I pray that God may forgive me. My story is told, my life is done. Let me place my signature to witness—if another is needed call Mrs. Clemens."

With eyes wide with wonder, the housekeeper obeyed the call to the master's room, but it was not until assured by the detective that no harm could come of her witnessing the instrument that she affixed her name in broad, straggling characters beneath the signature of James McGregor. She stared, first at the name, then in Levi Gerry's ragged face. A full beard clothed cheek and chin, but just in front of the right ear a smooth, livid surface was visible—a singular scar sunk deep in the flesh.

"Good heavens—can it be!" she muttered. "It is he—that scar I'll never forget, but his face is changed—wonderfully changed. I'll bide my time and learn why he bears another name. Heaven preserve us, it cannot be that the man accused of the dreadful murder is my little Kenneth. There's a mystery here that I will probe, or my name is not Betsy Clemens."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

Zalmon Grosvenor fell back upon his pillow. A livid line encircled about his lips, his eyes were rolling wildly beneath the swollen lids, and his arms fell helplessly by his side.

"Send for the doctor—he's dying, and a dying hard!" exclaimed Mrs. Clemens, in a frightened voice.

"Yes, telephone for Garbutt—stay, I'll do it myself," returned Dorritt. "It is better for the poor devil, we should be obliged to summon the coroner. He'll be dead, as he hurried down the stairs.

Doctor Garbutt was already prepared for his round of visits when the call came. Quite as mysterious a message as a former one:

"The patient is dying—Zalmon Grosvenor's, you know—Grosvenor is dying, I think, and there is no time to be lost—all's legally," telephoned Garbutt, and entering his waiting carriage he was driven rapidly to his destination.

The patient was in a stupor when the doctor entered the sick chamber. There was no need to ask the question that was answered by the grave face of the doctor.

"How long has he been ill?" the doctor asked.

"Probably a few hours," answered Levi. "When he retired he was in his usual health, this morning, at an early hour, I found him—not dead, but in a death swoon; it's been coming on for a long time, sir; this is the fulfillment."

"And the last," returned the doctor, in a low tone. "There is no hope of relief—no science. Better so. The end will be sweet death and insanity—he could live only as a raving maniac."

For an instant the dying man roused from the stupor that had held him in its fetters, had heard and understood; his bloodshot eyes turned toward Dorritt, who stood at the foot of the couch.

"I have—made—confession," he muttered. "Levi Gerry—Kenneth McGregor."

With a last effort he raised both hands; they fell heavily by his side. A convulsive shudder shook his frame for an instant, then the dark shadow passed over his face, sealing the eyes and shutting out the light forever.

"Gone to his account," murmured Levi, as he crossed the hands of the dead man on his still breast. "Yes, it's for the best."

Two days later Zalmon Grosvenor was borne to his burial. There had been no concourse gathered within that stately mansion, and the funeral party was but a few in the undertaker's rooms, and among all those there was a sense, from the first, the mystery of such a proceeding set tongues wagging. The servants had been dismissed, and, strange to say, not one of them had assumed control.

The cremation was closed, with the exception that Parks, the former valet, and Levi Gerry, Grosvenor's own man, had been left to conduct the ceremony. Mrs. Betsy Clemens was taken to the old lawyer's home.

Dorritt had remained with Levi Gerry, when the clergyman offered the short prayer and then the body was borne away to a grave far distant from the spot where Royal Cranston slept beside his wife and child.

Why had Cranston's family solicitor assumed the responsibility? There were none to answer the question. Levi Gerry had left no heirs, how would the estate be disposed of?

As for the solicitor, he answered no questions, absolutely refusing to discuss the matter, his silence was proof to all interrogations being, "Time will tell."

The following day the funeral the solicitor had held a long consultation with his office force, and then emerged from the office and wore a look of satisfaction that quite puzzled the officials.

Whether Levi Gerry, accompanied by Parks, had visited the prisoner. What had they to communicate to a man whose every action evidence pointed out as the chief and murderer? True, the money had not been discovered, but that did not account for it hidden safely, for while the majority of the bank notes were at the works belonging to the prisoner innocence presumed him guilty.

"A clear case—we expect to convict him of murder in the first degree," was the summary for the prosecution declared.

The affair was the theme of comment wherever discussed—it was something quite out of the ordinary course—not that murders were of rare occurrence, but there was even the fact that the prisoner, although only a young man, was yet, handsome, and possessing rare ability as an expert in his profession, a general favorite among his fellow workmen, and that much gold-mining had been noticed by the manufacturers in whose service he had been sent.

He had spent three weeks in a prison cell, the confinement in itself a torture to one who had been accustomed to active employment. No wonder his face had grown white, his flesh had fallen away perceptibly.

There had been little preliminary. In the lower court hearing on the case of the Commonwealth vs. McGregor had been called, examination waived, and the prisoner had been bound over to await examination be-

fore the grand jury, which convened on the second Monday in May.

There was a little ripple of excitement when the prisoner was brought into the grand jury room, where the men who were the arbiters of his fate sat in grave deliberation. To the surprise of all present his line were smiling as he bowed to the two or three persons with whom he had a casual acquaintance. His manner was assured, almost careless, as he took his place.

Circumstantial evidence had been produced of the most satisfactory character to the members of the probable guilt of the accused, and the indictment had been partially prepared when an interruption occurred. There was a slight bustle, and the attending deputy announced that the counsel for the accused desired to be heard, as he held indisputable proofs of the prisoner's innocence.

The announcement created a profound sensation, and wondering, half-incredulous glances were exchanged as the solicitor opened a package and, smoothing it carefully, cleared his throat.

"Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury: Before further proceedings that may condemn an innocent man to the irreparable shame and disgrace of a trial through a mistaken indictment, I desire to present certain documents, duly attested and sworn to, which proves beyond a doubt that my client, Kenneth McGregor, is not the perpetrator of the foul crime that was maliciously laid at his door. This proof consists of the last will and testament of the late Zalmon Grosvenor. I also wish to introduce the witness who will testify to the drawing of the instrument, and the two witnesses who will swear to their signatures."

Permission being granted, Mr. Alden read the codicil in a slow, measured tone, while each moment the astonishment of the jury increased; and then Joe Dorrit, having been duly sworn, took the stand.

"Your name, age, place of residence and occupation?" asked Alden.

"Joseph Dorrit; I am thirty-seven years of age; my place of residence, 29 Palmo street; I am employed as a detective—a special."

"You recognize this document?" continued the attorney, placing the paper in his hand.

"It is the instrument which I drew at the request of Zalmon Grosvenor, his dying confession, signed by him, and to which my own signature and those of the two witnesses are appended."

"State in precise time when you drew up the paper, and the circumstances attending."

"On the morning of May 15 I was summoned to Mr. Grosvenor's residence, by his secretary, Mr. Levi Gerry. I was early and when I arrived I found Mr. Grosvenor in bed, and suffering from the most dejected mental condition. He desired to make a confession, declaring that he could not die and allow that terrible crime to rest on an innocent man. Yes, that is the document, in my handwriting, that is my signature, and those the signatures of the two witnesses."

"That is all; you may step down."

Levi Gerry took the stand, was duly sworn, and the examination began:

"Your age and occupation?"

"I am fifty-four years of age; for three years I have been man-of-all-work for Zalmon Grosvenor, and during the month and more I have served him in the capacity of valet and confidential servant."

"State your name."

"I am called Levi Gerry—have been known by that name for several years. My real name is James McGregor."

Silence and consternation, as known to you, on the night of March 27, the evening of the murder of Grosvenor's child.

In response Gerry related the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted.

The excitement grew intense, while the jurymen listened breathlessly.

"I was not near enough to the office or in a position to see who was there; the window of the room being overlooked the yard, the gates were closed. I saw Grosvenor when he turned to the window and did not see him again until after my return home. I was near at hand when the doctor and officers arrived. No, I heard no cry or sound. Learned first of the murder through the newspapers the following day."

"What induced you to shadow your master on the night when the crime was committed?"

Levi detailed the circumstances of Norman Harrison's visit, the drawing of the spurious conveyance, and the circumstances under which Harrison had been compelled to confess to Grosvenor.

Gerry was dismissed and Mrs. Clemens called. She testified merely to the effect that she was housekeeper for Zalmon Grosvenor, that she had not attended the master's queer ways; that he was always glancing behind him, drank heavily, and remained in his own room much of the time. Yes, she had witnessed the paper—noticed particularly the signatures above her signature was James McGregor.

She appeared anxious to speak more fully concerning the name, but was cut short by the counsel.

"That is all."

There was no further testimony to be added—none was needed.

The foreman arose and made the announcement, with a congratulatory smile:

"I am happy to state that we are unable to find a true bill against Kenneth McGregor, accused of murder in the first degree."

Kenneth was free, and, arm in arm with counsel, he left the chamber, followed by Joe Dorrit and the witnesses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT ALTON BAY.

The necessary legal steps had been taken; there was not a flaw in the claim that Kenneth held to the estates of his grandfather, Kenneth Remington, deceased, and before the close of June he was settled in the family mansion. Most of the rooms remained closed, but, unlike Grosvenor, Kenneth had no superstitious fears concerning the apartments so recently occupied by Mr. Cranston, and the suite was prepared for his occupation.

Caryl's rooms were precisely as they had been left on the night of her disappearance. Parks had been retained. Mrs. Clemens held the position of housekeeper, for when the mystery was cleared concerning the young man's parentage, her identity was discovered. Betsey Moore had been the matron at the orphanage where the infant was transferred from the hospital. She had recognized the miniature as the same that had been entrusted to her care. She identified the man as the child she had nursed, from the scars upon the hands. When two years of age the boy had placed his arms across the sill of a window, a defective spring had allowed the heavy sash to fall with a force that pinched the hands, and the little one hung helplessly until his screams brought her to the rescue. The tender flesh was lacerated to the bone and the scars remained.

Her friend, Catherine Hartnett, was Mrs. Breton's attendant at the hospital. Both young women had departed shortly after the child was adopted by McGregor, and neither knew the maiden name of the helpless young woman for the wealthy grandfather whose death left his estate to a collateral branch, set in motion. The mother had lost all trace, and no reply had been received to the numerous inquiries issued in the leading New England and New York papers.

These facts, coupled with the testimony of Parks and McGregor, made the chain complete.

To his foster-father one of the pleasantest rooms had been assigned, and with Parks as a companion, Kenneth frequently led a happy life. For the services of a valet the active young man had declined, and his foster-father and Parks vied in their efforts to anticipate his slightest wish in the most outlandish manner, half ludicrous, half pathetic.

The fortnight ordered through which he had so recently passed had affected even his strong nerves, and Kenneth decided to remain quiet and recruit for two or three months was necessary.

During the heat of the summer months the works would remain closed, but when cooler weather set in they would again employ as desired would find employment, and under articles of the most liberal construction. Kenneth was a considerate employer, as he had been their fellow workman until unforeseen circumstances.

On a brilliant morning, the 10th day of June, Ethan Alden bade his client goodby, for the latter anticipated absence for a month or two—bound trip on his way to Alton Bay, a quiet resort among the hills of the extreme north of New Hampshire.

"Shall see you again by the middle of September?" returned Kenneth as he grasped the lawyer's hand.

"Not before, but I've entered was as far away as Alton Bay as it had been within the limits of Chicago," was the reply. "Mrs. His grief for the loss of Caryl was inconsolable, a melancholy possessed him, and the very sight of Kenneth's face, which wrapped in his own sad musings, he would shout with delight, and, like the pleasure-seekers, only now and then joining in their conversation, and never in the sports in which they indulged away the morning and evening hours.

Kenneth, on the solitary ramble in the mornings over the wooded hills, made up the sum of his amusement. Not once had he been tempted to the waters, preferring to sit in some quiet nook where the cheerful stranger's greetings would not reach his ear.

Concerning the handsome young stranger, rumors were rife, but nothing definite could be learned. His wealth was the material and unexceptional in fit, were selected for the comfort and ease of the wearer. The serviceable gold chain crossing the linen waistcoat was the only jewelry displayed.

As for the belles and the beaux comprising the "set" always to be found at any fashionable resort, the former sex were oftener in the pocket than upon the small but muscular hands of the owner of the handsome face and form, and, detracting from the strict line of beauty; items of small moment to the gentleman with labor, but, again, his apartments at the best hotel was the most expensive in the town, and it was rumored that it had been bespoken before the season opened.

The gentlemen's curiosity in this case was littered with pencils, paper and books filled with figures and marks quite unintelligible to the initiated, and they'd often spent the hours of the afternoon and evening in the making of these queer outlines, followed by the aid of the queer instruments of which they could not guess the use.

And so the "professor," as they dubbed him, was speculated upon freely by the young ladies and by the matrons present, a dashing young widow who had come to Alton Bay on matrimonial intentions bent.

She was early out of eighteen she had given her hand to a suitor quadruple her age, who was outwardly the perfect incarnation of his bald, shining crown, fringed sparsely with silvery locks, weak, blood-red eyes, pallid face and querulous temper.

For seven years she had borne the martyrdom, shrinking when she heard the halting step approaching, and when the door unbidden entered her waist. Then the release came.

For three years Marcus Pemberton's withered form had mingled with the dust in beautiful Greenwood, beneath the costly marble that recorded the virtues of the departed, and Laura was free to choose—this time for love.

"He's some mechanic, depend upon it—poor as a church mouse, most likely," she said confidentially, when the stranger was under discussion, for, with her usual acuteness she divined something of the truth, and by thus discouraging the marriageable ladies she hoped to secure the love of the young man who had enchained her fancy.

He might be poor—she hoped he was, for she had wealth sufficient for both, but all her wiles had failed to attract more than the ordinary attention dictated by politeness. Twice they had met, quite by accident, in the solitary nooks among the forest-clothed steeps overlooking the bay, and as in duty bound, he had escorted her back to the hotel, a state of affairs that set the tongues of the gossips wagging, but Laura Pemberton cared not one whit, while Kenneth was profoundly ignorant concerning the significant glances and the charming brunette succeeded in engaging him in conversation, which she sometimes did.

The lady's hopes were soon to be blasted, and the curiosity concerning the "professor" to be gratified to a certain extent.

Many of the guests had flitted homeward, but in the first week of September there was a new arrival—a transient.

Kenneth was sitting upon the broad piazza overlooking the lake, a beautiful sheet of the bay, where the row-boats were gliding aimlessly hither and thither, visible for a moment under the long lines of electric light flaming from the tall posts set at intervals along the grassy bank. A fine, tiny steamer was just heaving in sight around the point, and the winding like fireflies in the distance, waxing larger and brighter as the little boat approached the hotel.

"Hello, Brenton! Who would have thought to find you here?"

The speaker had stepped through the open window and was holding out his hand in a hearty, cordial manner.

"Ah, Mr. Blashfield, I think," responded Kenneth, as he took the offered palm in a formal clasp.

"Slipped away from your friends like a thief in the night," pursued Reginald Blashfield, airily. "No end of glad to meet you, for Gertrude Hamilton, of the White Mountains and was on my way home, when accidentally encountered Mrs. Pemberton, a friend of mine, was stopping here, I concluded to stay over for a day. I presume you have formed her acquaintance, eh?"

"Very slightly," returned Kenneth, coldly, as Blashfield paused for his side.

"Handsome, don't you think?—the widow, I mean—has a big dot—married an old Hunks for his money, and the old fellow was obliging enough to step out, leaving her a pile of widow's weeds and enjoy the rocks. I don't mind telling you in confidence that I have an eye on that property."

His further confidence was interrupted by the appearance of a bearing a letter which he placed in Kenneth's hand.

"Mr. Brenton Kenneth, a letter which may be of importance," returned Kenneth as he stepped through the window into his own apartment, and decided to enjoy the solitude as best he might.

Neither had seen the graceful figure reclining in an easy chair just within the window of an unlighted room, not six feet distant, who noted the witness of the meeting and an inadvertent listener to the following:

"Young scoundrel!" she muttered, "does he fancy for a moment I could fall in love with such a conceited tailor's model? I will make him useful, for he must know all about Kenneth."

Meanwhile, in his own room, Kenneth was reading the letter which had been written by Mrs. Clemens, but never dreaming of the happiness that would result from the information it conveyed.

"W——, Sept. 5, 1902.—Mr. Kenneth Brenton—Dear and Honored Sir: By Mr. McGregor's desire I have held to write you, for which I hope you will excuse me. I enclose a clipping from the Daily News, that I came across quite by accident, or rather, as the dear Lord says, it is all providence of God that has brought to light the other witness who can testify to your birth and your mother's death—she that was the nurse in the City Hospital.

"You see I am not mistaken, and it appeared by the account that Kattie has become a widow. Mr. McGregor says if he can find you he will write—and see this widow, to make sure that she is the one. Mr. McGregor is well as usual, and he and hope this will find you the same. Mr. McGregor is very lonesome and hopes you will come and visit us. Please send a send our best respects. Yours to command,

"MRS. CLEMENS."

A notice of the deaths in the manufacturing city of L—— was carefully pinned to the letter, the following was enclosed in pencil marks:

"In this city, August 25, Kitty, daughter of the late Aloysius Dremnon and Catherine (Hartnett) Dremnon, aged 18 years. Funeral will take place Sunday from the latter mother's residence, 276 Lane street, at 4:30 p. m., Wednesday."

Kenneth determined to go to L—— and at once. He had few preparations to make, and when the hotel omnibus came down to the late breakfast, he was far on his journey, whirling rapidly by the busy manufacturing city where he hoped to learn more of the young mother who had died within the whitewashed walls of a city hospital.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SLOW MARTYRDOM.

A sultry afternoon in the latter part of August was drawing to a close. All day the sun had rolled a wheel of yellow flame, its fiercest rays pouring down upon a baked, parched earth, absorbed by lines of brick and mortar, the walls of busy manufactories within which the mass of workingmen, women and children toiled from morning until evening, alike during the bitter winter days and the fervid summer heat, their lives a ceaseless round of labor, a very treadmill, a slow martyrdom endured in the struggle for bread and shelter, meager though it might be.

Into one of the oldest and dingiest of these structures a prison-like door opened upon a narrow entrance way, the width of a staircase rising straight ahead, the upper steps lost in the gloom above.

The oaken treads were worn in ridges by the pressure of many hurrying feet, the shallow risers were black with smoke and cinders that whirled through the open portal below, and the heavy rail running upward upon the blackened wall was thick with grime, the marks of many a toil-hardened hand.

From the first and second landings a door opened upon a narrow entry, each giving ingress by separate doors to a front and rear apartment. In the latter, a pallid, wavy two trades were represented upon each of the first and second floors, a pale-printer and bookbinder in front, a manufacturer of small wire goods in the back room of the first story, a locksmith and an artisan in artificial limbs occupying the second floor. The third story and the attic above were leased for a term of years by a bag-manufacturing firm and the door from the landing of three flights opened upon a small, low-ceiled shop where more than a score of operatives were employed, all ranging from the age of twelve to twenty-five years of age. The four windows in the rear looked out upon the back wall of a tall brick building, scarcely ten feet distant. The view from the corresponding four windows in front was bounded by the walls of the storehouses upon the opposite side of the narrow alley, said walls garnished by the platforms and hoisting cable projecting over the sidewalk below, while this depressing picture was veiled at frequent intervals by volumes of black smoke belching from the tall stacks looming above

(Continued on page eleven.)

DEMAND FACTS

About What You Eat.

When it comes to food, demand to know the facts about what goes into your stomach.

Not only that it is pure but that you are not deceived in the composition of the contents and condition. Some flaked breakfast foods that have been for years, are now being advertised in close imitation of the Grape-Nuts advertising, doubtless in the way to finally steal the success of the failure.

But false statements of the merits of human food products will not keep up a business. These flaked foods are not predigested. They are not fully cooked and the starch is raw, hard and indigestible and has not been turned to sugar as claimed.

Chemical analysis tells the truth and the analysis of the famous chemists of the world about Grape-Nuts shows the perfect breakfast food in which the starch part of the wheat and barley has been transformed into sugar and otherwise made into a predigestible condition. Why is this true? All the whole cooked flake foods are made by soaking the grains of wheat or oats in water, then rolling, drying and packing. These operations do not change the starch at all.

Contrasted with this pretense, observe the care, method and skill in making Grape-Nuts.

The barley is soaked about one hundred hours, then the wheat is soaked for some days and sprouted, the diastase being developed and part of the starch and sugar (and later on all of it), then the grains are baked and the sprouts stripped off. Then comes grinding and mixing with the creamy colored flour made from white and nutritious wheat. The mixture must be skillfully made in right proportions. This cooked flour contains all the ingredients demanded by nature to rebuild the soft gray substance in the nerve centers and brain, but how can it be done? That was the next step, that was the question.

To feed the stomach not do to mix in drugs, for there is a certain failure sure to come to the person depending on drugs to digest food. That must be done by expert—expedient, but pure food and digestible food must be made from natural foods. So to change the remaining starch part and prepare the other elements in this blended flour that how can be digested was also like bread, the inside being dark cream color and quite sticky as it comes from the oven. Sliced and again go through long cooking at certain temperatures. Then the thinnest slices are each one carefully inspected and ground ready for packing and use, having gone through all the many different operations.

When finished, each little granule will show a sparkling substance on its surface. A magnifying glass will bring it out clearer and therefore the starch and other nutrious sugar, not put on "or poured over" (as the food of a famous breakfast food is treated in his paper, thus exposing his appalling ignorance of food processes) but this sugar grown from the grain itself. Some of the starch is slowly turned to sugar in the process of manufacture. This kind of sugar is exactly like what is found in the human intestines, provided the starch of the grains, potatoes, bread, rice, cake, etc., etc., has been perfectly digested. But many are weak in their power of digestion and yet need the starches, so Grape-Nuts supplies them pre-digested and ready to go quickly into the blood.

Visitors are shown freely through the works and can follow the whole making Grape-Nuts from the grain to the finished product. The cleaning of barley, making of flour, and the temperatures are not disclosed and it seems impossible for others to make an article equal to Grape-Nuts. That purity, cleanliness and skill are shown in every corner of the immense pure food factories. People who care for results from choicely selected food, those who want the food to rebuild the soft gray substance in brain and nerves that give the go, the vigor, the life, will understand why the imitators who try to copy the announcements about Grape-Nuts have failed in the past.

There's a reason for Grape-Nuts and a reason for it.

No Time Left.

"Winter wheat looking well?" he asked of a street-car passenger who looked like a farmer.

"Dunno," was the brief reply.

"Good deal of snow out in the country?"

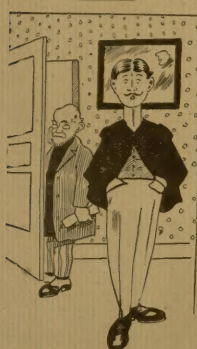
"Mebbe."

"Price of hay gone up any?"

"Can't say."

"But aren't you a farmer, my friend?"

"Yes, I'm a farmer; but this winter I've been courtin' a widder woman with $8,000 and I haven't had any time to fool around with snow or hay or anything else."



Creditor (angrily)—I tell you I want my money.

Debtor—Well, you can't get blood out of a turnip.

Creditor—No, but I can out of a beat.

After the Lynching.

The funeral procession was passing down the street.

"What did he die of?" asked the man from the far East.

"Shortness of the feet," answered the Arizona landlord.

"Shortness of the feet!" echoed the other in astonishment.

"That's what I said," rejoined the native lunkhead. "They got so they wouldn't touch the ground. See?"

AGENTS WANTED

$2,000 IN 8 WEEKS

One Mr. Lincecum sold $2,000 worth of made-to-order suits and pants in 8 weeks. Suits from $5.50 up; pants from $2.40 up. You can make big money if you start now. We give large commissions and liberal terms. Write today and secure exclusive territory.

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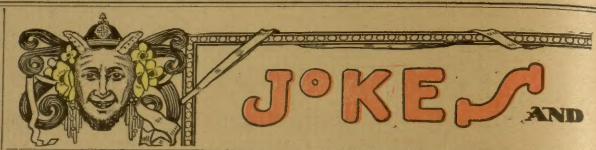

Accounted For.

"Life is getting to be an awful burden," said the man with the crimson beak.

"No wonder," retorted his good wife. "You are always loaded."

Nothing Doing.

"Say, mister," began the husky hobo, "I'm lookin' for sumethin' ter do, an'——"

"Well, just keep on looking," said the icy-hearted citizen. "You can't do me."

A WIFE'S AFFECTION.

Mr. Stubble—Kate, I really believe you think more of your dog than you do of your husband. I think I have reason to be jealous.

Mrs. Stubble—How foolish of you, George! You know well enough that Tony and you are not in the same class. Truly I think as much of you as a woman can be expected to think of her husband.

He Had Reformed.

"There was a time when you bought my poems and paid a good price for them," whined the party with the unbarbered hair.

"Why do you decline to purchase them now?"

"I've quit drinking," explained the literary editor.

MUSICAL CRITIQUE.

We coaxed the maid to play, and then
We watched the mangled moments flit
And wished, and wished, and wished again
We dared to coax the maid to quit.

A WORKING BRAIN

Can be Made Successful on Right Food.

A busy man in one of America's largest watch factories tells how by change of food he gained a clear brain and steady nerves and averted a mental and physical breakdown. He says:

"I was accustomed all my life to the ordinary diet of the average table. I thought that meat, potatoes, and other vegetables and fruit were necessary, and that tea, coffee and pastry in moderate quantities were not injurious.

"But I found, in course of time, that my dietary was affecting my health seriously. For four years I continued to run down. In time my nerves became seriously affected, they seemed constantly keyed up to the highest tension, and I became subject to the most violent bilious attacks which used to leave me in a weak and nervous condition for several days. The climax seemed to have been reached a few years ago, when I found myself about as near a physical wreck as a man could well be, and live. Physicians, tonics and other medicines, visits to the country, etc., etc., were of no avail.

"In sheer desperation I concluded, a few months ago, to see what effect a diet of Grape-Nuts food would have. I had often heard of it, but had little hope it would help me. I at once cut out all the heavy dishes with the tea and coffee that I had always used and began to eat Grape-Nuts with cream and a pinch of salt. Afterwards, I added fruit, with occasionally an egg beaten up in milk, and entire wheat bread. This has been practically my diet for more than two months.

"I found that with the new diet I gained complete relief almost immediately from all the distress that used to follow every meal, my bilious condition was speedily regulated and cured, my nerves have grown healthy and steady—in short, my run down constitution has been reconstructed and built up. As to the effect upon my mental powers, I have only to point to the fact that I have recently been placed in a responsible position in our establishment where complete concentration of mind is required to deal with complicated records and reports, and that I have been enabled to keep my accounts absolutely correct, which my numerous predecessors uniformly failed to do.

"I think these things speak volumes in favor of Grape-Nuts food as a nerve and brain builder. I ascribe all my improvement, mental and physical, the fact that I am possessed of steadier nerves, a clearer brain, a fine appetite, and have gained healthily in weight, all due cutting out of heavy food and the systematic use of Grape-Nuts food," signed given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Not That, But the Other.

"You didn't have very far to fall, sonny," said the policeman to the little boy who had fallen down on an icy spot and got up crying.

"No, sir, I know I didn't."

"Then you couldn't have hurt yourself much."

"No, sir. I hain't cryin' because I'm hurt."

"What for, then?"

"Because I'm in love with that little girl over there, and she seen me take the tumble."

Her Righteous Wrath.

Pale with indignation, Mrs. Lapeling rose to address the chair.

"Mrs. President," she said, "the member of this club who has just taken her seat does not dare to come out openly and accuse me of using my official position to enrich myself with the prerequisites of the office. She does it by diminuendo. I shall not retort by discriminating her, Mrs. President. I shall merely deny the charge, and thus throw the onerous probandi upon her!"

[Tremendous sensation.]

The Juvenile Idea.

Mr. Cookley (to his wife)—Estelle, we haven't been to church for several weeks. Let's go next Sunday.

Youngest of the Family—Why, papa, what are they going to give away next Sunday?

Rough.

"You seemed pretty familiar with that last chap," remarked the Soap.

"Not at all," replied the Turkish Towel; "I was merely trying to scrape an acquaintance."

As It Seemed to Him.

Relative—Amanda is trying to do something with her voice, is she?

Amanda's Father—Yes; I don't know exactly what, but from what it's costing me I suspect she's having it treated for aphidities.

Plenty of Intellect.

Father—I don't believe that young Simmerkins has sense enough to come in when it rains.

Cholly—Aw, you don't know him. That man can tie his own tie.

JOLLITY

No Opportunity.

"Esmeralda," said her mother, "you are spending too much time at that bachelor girls' club. You don't do anything but gossip at your meetings, anyhow."

"There wasn't any gossiping today, mamma," replied Esmeralda. "We were all there."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

He Didn't Make a Sale.

Lady (in shoe store)—Show me some satin slippers, please.

New Clerk—Yes, ma'am. What number?

Lady—Two.

New Clerk—Yes, I know you want two of them, but what size—sixes or sevens?

A Dainty Little Maid.

She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt when it is going to rain without any one's help. She indicates when it is wise to take your umbrella with you, when you can leave it at home. In fact she is the simplest and best barometer made. She is an ornament to any parlor and a necessity to every home. She or one of her sisters will come to you with full instructions on how she reads the weather; postpaid, for only 10 cents. She makes big money for her agents. Address W. F. Randolph & Co., 82 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Facts in the Case.

"You are charged with manslaughter," said the judge. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honor," replied the accused. "How could I be guilty of manslaughter when it was a woman I put out of business?"

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

Accurate Statement.

"I thought you said there wasn't a dishonest hair in Tuffer's head."

"That's right; there isn't."

"Bosh! He'd steal a red-hot stove and you know it."

"Of course; but look at his head, man, he's bald."

Unsatisfactory.

"I don't suppose it would be of any use to ask you to stay to tea," she said, as he was about to depart.

"No," he replied, "not in that style and tone of voice."

Pertinent Query.

"Yes," said the fat passenger, "my life once hung by a slender thread."

"Why didn't the mob use a rope?" queried the hardware drummer, as he lighted a fresh coffin nail.

With the Minstrels.

Mr. Bones—What am de difference 'tween a man an' a egg, Mistah Middleun?

Mr. Middleun—I don't know, Mr. Bones. What is the difference between a man and an egg?

Mr. Bones—When er man gits old he am no longer good foh de scramble, an' when a egg gits old de scramble am all it's good foh.

Sizing Him Up.

"Is life really worth living?" asked the man with the question habit.

"Yours evidently isn't," replied the philosophical person, "otherwise you would never have asked such a fool question."

Catharine—Poor Percy! He seemed worried while he was reading the paper.

Myrtilla—Poor fellow! He found out that the lobster trust is a reality.

She—Mamma says girls ought to learn to cook instead of to play the piano. What do you think?

He—Well, it all depends on whether it would be worse to eat what they cooked or hear what they played.

Strong Defense.

"Oi hov to appear in court today, Nora," said Mr. O'Toole, as he carefully shaved his chin. "Yez know Oi done up O'Brien last week."

"In court?" gasped Nora, dropping her spoon, "Oh, Pathrick, hav' yez inny definse?"

"Oi hov' five, Nora."

"Five lawyers, Pathrick?"

"No, four fingers awn a thumb doobled up."

In Ancient Egypt.

Cleopatra was about to dissolve her pearls.

"How absurd!" said her friend.

"It is absurd," replied the ancient queen. "I think I'll let them one steal them and then go on the stage."

And then she appointed Mark Antony her press agent.

Pat's Objection.

Patrick had been called as a witness and as he sat in the courtroom he noticed that a man was frowning at him.

"Who is that?" whispered Pat to his friend.

"The man who is about to question you. He is the cross-examiner."

Patrick frowned himself.

"Th' cross-examiner? Bedad, can't they git a mon thot is in a good humor?"

Professional Criticism.

Pennibs—Scribbles showed me the plot of his new play this morning.

Inkerton—So? What is it like?

Pennibs—It looks to me like a plot to swindle the public.

Sageville Sage.

"When does a man begin to want to get married?" asked the inquisitive youth.

"When the woman in the case begins to want him to want to," replied the sage from Sageville.

WAS HE ONE OF THEM.

He—Do you believe that out of sight is out of mind, Dora?

She—Well, I can't say I do, because some people seem to be out of mind without being out of sight.

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AGENTS—OUR NEW SPECIALTIES cannot be equaled; appeal to every home and housekeeper. Let us prove it. Address CLEAN COMB CO., Dept. E, RACINE, Wis.
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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day sure, and furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the town where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Don't fail to write us today. ACME MANUFACTURING CO., Box 423, Detroit, Mich.
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NATIONAL MFG. CO., London, Ontario, Canada.
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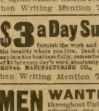

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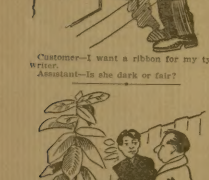
The "Monarch" is the only Automatic Fishhook Made
Absolutely safe. Can be set for any depth. Will not foul in weeds. Holds every fish that bites. Can be set in any position. Will not injure bait. Can be fished with any kind of tackle. Will not injure the most delicate bait. Will not injure the most delicate bait. Will not injure the most delicate bait

At the General Store.

Customer—I want a ribbon for my typewriter.
Assistant—Is she dark or fair?

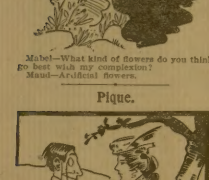


"My wife has a remarkable collection of curiosities."
"Was she collecting when she married you?"
"Yes."
"That's what I thought."

Mean Thing.

Mabel—What kind of flowers do you think go best with my complexion?
Maud—Artificial flowers.

Pique.



Gussie—Bob Jove, Reggy and I were presented to Miss Woos, the great actress, last evening.
Miss Pepperish—Yes, I heard her say she knew a thing or two.

The Detective's Island.

(Continued from page five.)

Keeneyes mumbled some words, then read: "At last her hand slipped away. I asked her what had happened to move her so deeply.

"'He has been here,' says my lady with a shudder. He and the captain of the band stood just outside my window.'

"'Do you mean Darcy White?' I stammered.

"'I do.'

"He did not dare to enter this coach, did he?' I cried, my blood boiling with indignation at the thought.

"She looked at me and gave a little smile. 'No,' says she, 'he was not so bold as you, Mr. Roger.'

(Keeneyes remarked, 'Mr. Roger! Observe! Hum! hum!")

"'Miss Clara,' said I, 'tell me instantly what he came for. I cannot endure this uncertainty.'

"He came to ask me to marry him at once; he begged, he implored, he threatened. He was in irons. He was heavily chained. The captain told me that if I refused his suit they would hang him to the nearest tree as they would have no further use for him.

"'Heavens!' I murmured. 'Then you consented?'

"She looked at me steadily and said, 'Could I consent to his death? Could I refuse to marry him when I was told he would be hung if I did not become his wife?'

"'Yes, you could!' said I, fiercely.

"'Well, and so I did,' said she.

"Her face was illumined by no one of those rosy glows that one sometimes sees in the heavens at break of day.

"Her words so took me by surprise that for a moment or so I sat as if chisled out of stone. Then when the full meaning of her words came to me I impulsively seized her hand and drew her toward me, whispering: 'Clara—Clara—Clara,' repeatedly.

him, though your refusal means his death?'

"'Oh, no,' says she, drawing quickly away and catching her breath. 'Not at all. For I detected on their faces and in the faltering of Darcy's voice that it was simply a ploy to work upon my feelings. He is in league with the robber captain. They try to frighten me into a marriage. They will not harm him.'

"My ardor was cooled.

"'Mr. Roger,' says she, 'I have been thinking. Now this matter has had time to come here in their bont. Suppose they should go for it some time, and find it gone!'

"What do I care for danger?' I said sullenly enough. But I roused myself and I said in a determined voice, 'Answer me, Clara, and tell me the truth: had you known Darcy would have been hung to the nearest tree unless you became his wife, would you have married him?'

"She did not answer me.

"'Tell me!' I cried. 'An answer I must have!'

"But I didn't get one.

"Then I bent nearer her and I said still more determinedly: 'This at any rate you shall tell me: Will you marry me?'

"'Now that,' remarked Keeneyes, looking up, "is what I call getting down to business."

"She showed on her face that same rosy, ineffable inspiration of harmonious emotion which I just referred. She looked at me with dancing eyes. She did not answer.

"'Tell me at once!' I said, seizing her hand and speaking in a loud and excited that it is a wonder the guard did not hear. 'Will you marry me, Clara? Will you? I say, will you marry me?'

"'Yes,' says she.

"With an inarticulate cry——"

"Enough of that," Keeneyes himself interrupted in a dry tone.

"Not at all," cried Rufus. "Let us see to what lengths the sort-headed rascal could go."

"I will not read it aloud," said Keeneyes. "It is creditable enough to your brother for his private purposes, but is altogether too maudlin to be addressed to sensible ears."

"Then hand me the book, for read it I must," exclaimed Rufus with insuppressible curiosity.

Keeneyes handed him the book. Rufus read:

"With an inarticulate cry, I released the little hand I had been clinging to as a drowning man might cling to a——"

"I cannot make out the word," murmured Rufus.

"Straw," suggested Keeneyes. "I'll take my oath the word is straw."

"And I threw my arms about her. I drew her close to me. 'Will you marry me?' I repeated in a delirium. 'Will you marry me?'

"'I will,' she whispers, still divinely red.

"'Do you love me? Do you?'

"'I do!'

"Her face was upturned to mine. I bent lower. Her lips quivered as sometimes the earth seems to quiver in the intensity heats of summer heat. My lips——"

"I am going to hang that man in its little boy," interposed Keeneyes, hastily drawing on his hat and getting upon all fours to crawl out of the blackberry bushes.

"My lips sought hers." Rufus read in a sort of ecstasy, rolling his eyes at the detective. "They met in one long, long dream. Heavens! How my soul was transported! 'Now, see,' said she, 'come for me tomorrow night, and I will flee with you.'

Here the diary ended abruptly.

"I wonder," said Rufus, closing it with regret, "why she did not flee with him before?"

"Because," said Keeneyes, "up to this time he thought she loved Darcy White."

"Then it is this very night," cried Rufus, "that this couple intends to elope from the island. This very night, Mr. Zellers! Think of it! What is to be done?"

"We must prevent it," said Keeneyes.

"Prevent it?" echoed Rufus. "No, no, we must assist them!"

"My dear friend," said Keeneyes, "suppose the bandits come tonight and find their captive escaped. They will immediately take alarm, each one will flee the country to go back home as a private citizen. Of course, Darcy White and Bud Purvis will leave the United States or lose themselves in the far West. But these other bandits are all unknown. They would never be discovered, perhaps. They might even leave the uncle to die in his secluded prison. No, no, friend, our first care must be to capture the captain of this gang, or some member of it. And we cannot capture him if Miss Corrigan is found to have flown. We must keep her here at any cost."

"I am very much in favor of the marriage," Rufus interposed. "I am convinced that this Miss Corrigan is a suitable addition to our family, and, as you know, she is a lady of prepossessing and fine appearance."

"We will land her into your family," Keeneyes assured him, "but it must not be done till we can get our bandits."

Rufus still objected. "But we know that Darcy White is the leader of them. We can lay hands upon him at a moment's notice, and for the sake of his infant children he will turn State's evidence."

"Just as soon," said Keeneyes, "as Smith finds that his 'farmland' has deserted him he will skip the country and think no more of those nine children if they were as many permissions hanging on the tree a month before the time of trial. My dear fellow, trust to me. Have I made a single false step in this entire mystery case?"

"You have not," said I, forcibly.

"And I'm not going to," returned Keeneyes. "Now, gentlemen, tonight, by hook or crook this pair of lovers must be prevented from eloping! I do not think they will be seen by their flips meet to-night for long, long dream." Perhaps we can't prevent that. What if they must meet. But there will be no elopement, or I'll know the reason why!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The first care of Rufus Atterbury and the detective was to discover the little bay in which the boat of the kidnapers was now concealed. They felt sure it must be near the island, for they could not dare to have their craft hidden too far from the island. They were right in this conjecture, and a search of an hour or so rewarded them with the discovery of the skiff.

"In that boat," said Keeneyes, "your brother intends to cross to the island tonight, and bear away Miss Corrigan to an elopement. But that will also cause them this night."

"How do you know they will come?" Rufus asked respectfully.

"Because it is now only two days till Miss Corrigan attains her majority, and it is a reasonable inference that they will come before that time to get her fears, her emotions, her intelligence. Last night they brought Miss Corrigan before the bandits with chains, threatening to hang him to the nearest tree in case she refused his hand. Tonight, perhaps, they will strike the fear in her very presence."

"What, sir," sang Darcy White in earnest?"

"Oh, such things may be so arranged that the cruel suspension feels no discomfort. She will think she is on the verge of death. She may relent. This is in case the robbers come to her before Roger gets the boat. But if Roger goes first, the bandits will miss the boat and think the retreat is known, and flee the country. Thus they will escape justice. But I shall intervene. I will make my bow for in this affair. I hope to bring everything to a settlement tonight. You need not go to Miss Corrigan till I have my men ready."

"What men?" demanded Rufus in surprise.

"I will go to Mudville," said Keeneyes, "and telegraph to the nearest sheriff to bring a posse to Mudville. One of us must be there to conduct them hither. It is now late in the afternoon——"

"Yes," said Rufus, consulting his watch. "It is ten minutes to six."

Keeneyes examined his own timepiece and said: "Atterbury, the first time you go to the city, you had better have that watch regulated."

"My watch keeps splendid time," said Rufus.

"Nevertheless," said Keeneyes, "it is only eight minutes to six."

"What is the difference?"

"A difference of ten minutes. To a detective, no trifle is too small to be of the utmost importance. Now, to a man of thought, there are no trifles in this case. Now, my dear fellow, I will hasten to the Mudville station and get word to the authorities. I want them to nab these bandits when they appear. In the meantime, I must leave you to guard that boat, to keep your brother from crossing over in it. Do you think you can prevent him taking it?"

"Of course I can!"

"Do you think you will be alert enough to prevent him from stealing away with it?"

"Mr. Keeneyes," said Rufus impatiently, "I shall do my utmost."

"I do not fear your good will," said Keeneyes, still speaking doubtfully, "but I doubt your experience and cunning. Remember your brother is in love, and a man in love is not to be trifled with. He will not give up his elopement for a word."

"I am with him," said Rufus grimly.

"Maybe so. But suppose a storm arises, and the bandits are looking another way? Then the robbers will find the boat gone, and flee, every man to his own place."

"I will get in the boat," said Rufus, "and he can't steal the boat without taking me with it."

"But," returned Keeneyes, "if the robbers should come first they would find you. I wish to heavens I could be both here and at Mudville at the same time! I wish there were two Richard Zellers; but there is only one. He is of Quiz, Missouri. Well, do your best; I am confident you mean well."

Keeneyes hurried away through the woods, with no very high opinion of Rufus Atterbury. The other, naturally displeased by this manifest want of confidence, took up his position in some reeds near the skiff where lay pleasibly rocking in the little bay. The sun had set, but it was still broad daylight. It seemed ridiculous to expect the clandestine lover to come for the robbers' boat at such an hour. He would, of course, wait till dark before venturing to the island. Even if no highwaymen were scattered through the woods or along the shore, there would be the guard pacing back and forth before the crevice of the stone room.

Rufus was hungry, and his thoughts fondled ham, biscuits and pickles which were in the blackberry bushes. It would be a long time before Keeneyes could hope to return with officers of the law—it would be hours.

If Rufus was thus hungry at 6 o'clock, in what condition would his inner man be found at 6 or 7 o'clock?

He crept from his retreat and hurried toward the secret room in the blackberry bushes. He hurriedly seized the fork from the pork which it had been swinging and returned. He returned to the little bay was not great, but he was obliged to go in a roundabout way because it was so light in the open. His trip to the bushes and their return consumed only about half an hour.

The boat was gone!

The boat was gone!

Rufus stared at the placid water in amazement.

Could it be that somebody had been waiting for his withdrawal in order to seize the skiff?

Was it not most probable that even now eyes were watching his every movement?

He grew chill with the thought of danger. Surely he was being watched—he whose business it was to watch others!

As he thus reflected, his eyes were attracted by something white fluttering on a green sprout of a pawpaw tree just overhead. It was a scrap of blank paper.

He reached from the sprout, and read these words:

"Hello, Rufe, I'm going to bring you the sweetest little sister in the world, after a few days."

That was all, but it was enough to convince Rufus that Roger had gone to the island. Roger dared he venture thither in the daytime? Rufus was intensely anxious about his brother; he was also angry. He knew Keeneyes would blame him. He hastily began to divest himself of his coat, vest and shoes. He must swim to the island, perhaps save Roger, and bring the skiff back that the bandits might not miss it. He might be gone for hours, perhaps. But there was not so much danger of this as there had been of his brother's detection.

Rufus hurried up shore that he might have advantage of the current, then struck out with a powerful stroke. It was cold as he stepped, dripping and cold, upon the sandy beach of the island.

Without delay he hurried to seek the secret room. He followed the lower shore till he stood opposite the hill's edge of rock. Then he crept through the thicket. Presently he discovered the stone wall. It appeared to be unguarded. He drew nearer and waited. There was no sound. He entered the long apartment. At the end stood the stage coach. Upon the ground lay a pile of bound and gagged feet. It was the farmer of the nine children and the coachman.

Rufus ran from the chamber and made his way to the narrow channel that cut off the western end of the island.

FEED YOUNG GIRLS.

Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the child shall contain all that is upbuilding, and nothing harmful.

At that age the structural tissue is formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may grow into a chronic disease and cause lifelong suffering.

A young girl says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago, that I was compelled to quit using it. It affected my headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness.

"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Once for a period of 2 days, milk alone at my meals, but it never helped me positively, and at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum Coffee.

"I not only found relief, but that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it brewed right found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my nerves. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum Food Coffee!

"In every instance it has been a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than I ever was before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

He descried a boat at some distance from the island, rapidly swinging down the current. In the boat were a man and woman.

"Come back!" shouted Rufus. "Come back!"

Roger Atterbury stood up and waved his hand to Rufus. His companion smiled a beautiful smile. Roger turned to the lady in the boat, and bent down.

Their lips met.

Rufus glared after them in helpless rage. Now the bandits would come and find the loved him along a silent street, being careful to keep him under watch.

Rufus was left alone at once to the deserted house, but if you prove false, I will kill you. How soon do you expect the bandits to come?"

"It is about time for them to assemble," said Smith, uneasily.

"At least show me the house before I rouse the town to the rescue of Daniel Corrigan. Is it far from the main town?"

"It stands all alone," said Smith; "still, it is no great distance."

They had reached the end of town.

"It is almost a quarter of a mile from here," said Smith, "along that country road."

"Ponder comes a man," said Rufus, "and his movements strike me as suspicious. Is he one of the bandits?"

"I can't see his face; wait till he comes nearer."

"If it is a bandit," said Rufus, "do not let him recognize you, or he will take alarm and warn the others."

The man came nearer. He had his hat drawn down over his face, and he slouched along in a careless manner. As he became abreast he halted abruptly.

"Who, sir," said Smith, sharply, grasping the pistol in his coat pocket, "will you let us pass?"

"Why, sure," said the other. "But I thought you'd like my company."

"Your company!" said Rufus, amazed.

"Quite at your service," said Keeneyes, with a smile. "Are you not the men for this is our friend Smith? Let us hurry to the deserted house, where I have the sheriff at home waiting."

Rufus gasped. Smith stood still.

"The face of the bandit," he promised Smith his liberty if he would show us to this retreat."

"We needed no one to show us," said Keeneyes, "but since you promised, I'll see your word is kept. Now, sir, we are but nine children. Now, however, he must come with us, lest he alarm our expected gang of outlaws."

"But, Mr. Zellers," said Rufus, as they went on down the street, "how came you in house, "how come you here?"

"It is quite simple. I am sure you could not prevent your brother from going to the island. He was in love, and you are unused to mysteries. It was a natural instance that you would go to sleep at your ease, for nothing could be better than to follow my directions, or you might even believe yourself hungry and go after the loaf of bread. I therefore reasonable inference that you would not prevent Roger from eloping with Clara Corrigan. Now reflecting upon all this when I reached Mudville There was a train just ready to pull out, bound for Burgtown. Burgtown is the first town down-stream from the island. It was a simple matter to watch from the secrete Daniel Corrigan in the first down-stream town, because it is twice as near as the first up-stream town, and the current would bear the fat old gentleman along without paddle or oar. So when I arrived in Burgtown, I got my sheriff and posse and we began our investigations at once. We were not long in finding the deserted house, in which the millionaire has been confined ever since his disappearance at the stage coach."

"If all this is so exceedingly simple," said Rufus, "why did you not come here sooner, and relieve the poor old gentleman?"

"Because," said Keeneyes, "that I have only been engaged on this case two days and one night. Before that I had other thing in so brief a time. I was content to find Miss Corrigan first, knowing that if I found her I should find the old gentleman was in no danger of being forced to marry Smith."

"I will tell you how my brother happened to elude our watch," said Rufus, bitterly.

"Was it not just as I said?" returned Keeneyes.

"Yes," said Rufus, "I grew hungry and it was so broad, open daylight that I ventured."

"Yes, yes," interposed Keeneyes, "I understand thoroughly."

"I ventured," said Rufus; "it it was so exceedingly simple a thing that Daniel was even stupid enough to look after the house of the first down-stream town, why was he not found there before? All this time we have been searching for him in another month."

"The reason is this," said the detective; "there is but one Keeneyes."

"What do you mean?"

"That I have no one to you simply as Mr. Richard Zellers. But to the profession I was known as Keeneyes. Now proceed to the deserted house."

At that instant the report of a gun awoke the echoes. Down the road a crazy old frame house was to be seen, half-hidden in pines.

Another shot rang out.

"The sheriff and his men are at work," said Keeneyes cheerfully.

Several forms were now seen running about the side of the house. Shot after shot rang out, followed by a wild, despairing scream.

"Poor friend," said Keeneyes, laying his hand upon Smith's shoulder, "if I were you I would get back to my farm and to my nine children with all dispatch; I would till the soil arduously and live an honest man. Here is your chance to escape. You will never have another one."

Smith, with a muttered word of gratitude, fled toward the town. Keeneyes and Rufus advanced to the deserted house. Darcy White and the captain of the band lay dead upon the ground. Bud Pump was wounded. All the other bandits were prisoners. Daniel Corrigan, not so finely so on the day of his disappearance, stood beside the sheriff, discussing the probable fate of his niece.

It was Rufus' first duty to inform him of the elopement of his brother with Miss Corrigan. The old gentleman received the news with marked distaste. But at such a moment of liberation, of death and of capture, all ordinary affairs of life, even the marriage of an heiress to a poor Atterbury, seemed slight proportions.

Although Clara Corrigan's schooling for the last few years had been said in advance, she did not go to college, nor did Roger At terbury encourage her to do so. He Atterbury, who is still a bachelor, lives with them in their happy home, and sometimes Keeneyes brings his wife to pay them a visit. There has never been that openhearted cordiality between Keeneyes and Rufus that one might expect between tried companions of peril and adventure. Still, they are on friendly terms.

"If Keeneyes could only make a mistake," Rufus sometimes thinks to his pretty sister-in-law, "he would be less intolerable, and a much more pleasant companion. His mistake is enormous. When he goes with us on a friendly fishing trip, he always knows where the fish will bite and when it is useless to throw in a hook."

"Perhaps," Clara suggests encouragingly, "he will some day make a great blunder and be humbled.

But Keeneyes has not yet made a great blunder.

The End

Slaves of Bell and Whistle.

(Continued from page seven.)

the roofs, and trailing piratical banners across the blurred window-panes.

Upon the floor of the August afternoon the cumbrous machinery was in full swing, and the atmosphere, heated by the hubs revolving, was filled with steam, heavy and stifling.

Up and down the length of the dismal shop a tall, raw-boned man sauntered, the straps of his overalls dangling like loose reins from his hips, while he mopped his rubicund face and bald crown with a bandanna. His bulging eyes roved from steel-blue eyes roving from one busy workman to another, during his line of march, but halting at every turn beside the only open windows quite at the farthest end of the long room, as even where the operatives wilted and gasped.

Stretching from the entrance half a dozen machines for manufacturing different sizes, from one-quarter pound to six-pound cans. Before these operatives protected only by a circular guard, from the stroke of the arm, were standing rapidly, and at every evolution severing a pasted section, or pasting it around the girth of the cotton belt clothing the cylinder from which it would be dropped into the trough and carried off to the ovens.

For each machine two attendants were employed, one to operate the machine, and a child crouching beside the hopper.

Ranging along the side wall was a mammoth machine, fifteen feet in length of fully fifteen feet, the heavy roll of paper required for the day's output from the folder, receiving the paste upon the side, passing through the bottom folder and paster and severed into sections by an arranged horizontally, the action timed to cut the bags into sections of the proper size over the adjoining steam cylinder required to dry the twenty-five and fifty-pound bags.

"Don't count on the bottom!"

The shrill treble rose above the steady hum of the machinery, above the grind of the gearing and the monotonous drone of the belts. A child, sitting at the side of the hopper, grasped the lever stopping the steady fall of bags and the pluy of the knife, the wooden-knife while Olive Wyn removed the paste trough and hastened to the row of cans from which she drew a barrel which stood beneath the open window. Pausing for a moment, she drew a breath, of which the heavy fragrance with the fetid, stifling atmosphere about the room.

"Hello, Olive! trying to get a long breath?" said the girl, one of half a dozen engaged in bench work, the sorting and pasting of imperfect bags.

"Yes," said Olive, "my throat is parched with the heat; my feet are burning, and my back aches. I wish it was time for the whistle to blow."

"I guess we'll all be glad. Oh, my! I should like to know who it was invented that big cylinder—it is bad enough here, but how terrible it must be in the machine girls' Why don't Rose come over while the machine is waiting for paste?" asked a new hand, who was engaged in the task of brush to the seam of an imperfect bag.

"She's reason in that she's got after her," broke in another. "'As good die for an old sheep as a lamb,' he'll scold and swear at her."

"How's Kit?" called Susy Lee. "If I were you I'd keep my stay sick while the hot spell lasts, but I suppose she will be coming to work as soon as she is half able."

"I fear Kitty will never come in again—she is growing weaker every day. It would be better for her to leave her talk of what a help it will be when she is able to work, and make up for lost time and for what we are doing for her—poor, poor Kitty!"

Olive's eyes filled with tears, and her voice broke in a sob.

"Oh, dear! You don't think she is—going to die?"

"I hope not, but I'm afraid there is no help for her; I can see by the doctor's face that he has done all he can, and when auntie asks him, he speaks of 'the best care and nursing, change of air and scene,' which is only an evasion. I am quite sure of that."

"I'm so sorry," returned Susy. "I supposed she was getting better, for when I asked Rose she told me Kitty was looking very much better, getting a lovely color in her cheeks, and her eyes bright as stars."

"It is the hectic flush," returned Olive. "You remember the poem:

"'Flush her cheek and bleach her skin,
Feed on the vital fires within;
Lovers, do not trust her eyes.

When they sparkle most, she dies.'

"The young poet Henry Kirke White was himself a victim of consumption, you know, and the poor fellow reads the signs accurately.

Kitty—the consumption?" cried Susy. "Why, when she came here to work six years ago she was strong and healthy, but four last year or two she has been run down awfully, I know. I thought it was just worn out she was.

Jumping around to keep up with the machines is enough to kill any one—they put on speed and fill the cylinders until there is danger of an explosion, and we have to keep up," put in Fanny Davis, who is a six-pound-long creature and had come upon the same errand as Olive, and caught the last remark.

"Kit Drennon has been dying by inches for the last six months; it is a burning shame the way those people drive her. They say he owns stock here, and that they are making money hand over fist, and they are making it out of the poor women and children who have to work or starve—mostly our mothers are widows, and they are working for pay that won't keep a family in bread and butter. There are children," scolded Fanny. "I am part of it, for I have to be working out, away while the owners and their families are taking trips to Europe, and even Palace Beach, and I'm sick and tired of themselves, while we are breaking down working our little lives and dying under us, making the money, and they just upon us as if we were the dirt under the feet. I'll tell you what we ought to do the other side there'll be no rich nor poor. God created us—we—"

"Hush, Fanny!" interposed Susy. "I don't suppose—and—and—"

"Yes, that's what are you about, laying your self to work? Come, get to work and get back to work!' And you, Olive, you're a fool to be standing there talking. You know how to kill time. Get to work, girl! I'm going to have—" and the girl's voice was lost in the roar of the shop."

Samuels wound up with a few choice imprecations that would have benefited the tongue of a denizen of Billingsgate.

Olive Wynn, after a pause for deliberation acquired by one long inured to harsh words, but by no means accustomed to repetibly and as she crossed the room a spnish of paste fell to the floor.

"There, now, you've spilling that paste!" bellowed Samuels almost in her ear. His rough hand struck the girl violently from her nerveless hands, while Samuels vented his rage in a torrent of oaths directed at the head of the unfortunate Olive in, particular, whom he enathematized as "no use-less, as unprofitable as the—" and was given work out of charity," and winding up with a threat of immediate discharge.

Olive, pale and trembling, with big, bright flashes of light danced before her eyes, then all was darkness, and she fell heavily to the floor in a dead faint.

"This powerful story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. To each subscriber we are still giving our cameras and films which are advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Plan That Failed.

Von Blumer came in wearily and sat down in a flop. He had had a hard day at the office—he was tired.

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him keenly. Years of experience had taught her how to assemble judiciously. That afternoon she had gotten a telephone message from a friend asking them to go to a theater party that evening. She had had a nice afternoon nap and was ready to go.

"Thank Heaven," said her husband, "that I don't have to go anywhere tonight. I wouldn't be dragged out of this house for a farm.

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him earnestly.

"You poor thing!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe I'll go to the theater, either, but you really need a little stimulant."

At a moment she had mixed a delightful cocktail.

"Here," she said, "take this."

Von Blumer swallowed it. Then they sat down to a dainty dinner.

"I don't feel like going to the theater," Von Blumer over his coffee. "I feel better. I feel more like myself. Perhaps, after all, it would be better for you if you went this evening. I need a change.

Mrs. Von Blumer smiled triumphantly. The psychological moment had arrived.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "I did not want to spend a lonely evening, but the Bilters want us to go to a theater party tonight. We have just time to get there."

Von Blumer looked at his wife anxiously. "Are you sure I tell them positively you would go, did you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. But I can telephone."

Her husband looked at her fixedly.

"Well, dear," he replied, "don't do it, please. Do you know, that cocktail and that excellent dinner have put me in just the right mood for an evening with the boys at the club."—Life.

Patient, Indeed.

The old colored deacon accosted the parson on the roadside.

"Parson Brown," began, "Ah want to ask yo' a question. Who was de most patient man on earf?"

"Why, bruddah," responded the parson. "Job was, ob cose."

"No, sah! Ah tell yo' Noah was."

"Eh! how do yo' make dat out?"

"Why, Noah had two skeeters on de ark an carried dem around foh forty days on nights. Ef he cud resist slappin' at dem all dat time he was de most patient man on earf."

FIGHTING FIRE;
Or,
THE BOY HERO OF CRYSTAL LAKE.

By J. M. MERRILL

Author of "Marching Through Dixie," Etc.

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Begun in No. 20, May 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE.

That wild whirl was too much for the weakened Mrs. Rufdale. When Neal released his hold she reeled and fell to the ground.

"There, you've hurted mamma!" exclaimed Dot.

The boy knelt quickly and called on the woman to open her eyes and speak. She did not immediately do this, and Neal became very much alarmed. It was plain that the woman had fainted. He never quite suspected how poorly she was until this moment when he gazed into her hollow face which was the color of ashes.

"Poor mother!" murmured Neal as he gazed sorrowfully at the pinched face and sunken eyes. He could almost imagine her his own mother, so attached had he become to her during their days and nights of mutual suffering in the wilderness.

Not till the lad brought water from the creek and dashed into her face did the woman recover, and even afterward she was pitifully weak and hysterical.

Neal carried her to the water's edge, where he bathed her face in the cool stream and had the satisfaction of seeing her revive once more. His own strength had been nearly taxed, but he kept his feelings to himself and talked in a strain of the utmost cheerfulness.

"Keep up your courage, Mrs. Rufdale," said he. "This creek will lead us to some settlement, and, it may be only a matter of two further, you know, and then what a happy time we'll have telling over our ventures!"

The boy actually laughed, and assumed an airy cheerfulness that was not in full keeping with their surroundings. The settler's wife did not even smile. She had got beyond that.

"You don't know how bad I feel, Neal," she said faintly.

"Don't I, though!" with a suddenly solemn countenance. "It's because you are feeling bad that I am so sure of your happiness before the day comes to an end. We will follow this creek until a clearing is reached. You can rest yourself then. Fire didn't reach this place, and we are sure to find the farm—"

"Please don't, Neal!"

"Don't what, Mrs. Rufdale?"

"Don't draw a picture that can never be."

"You mustn't give up like this," cried the boy, going to the side of the woman and kissing her thin cheek. "Why, you and I are my mother and I now—and you know how do you like that? Come, let's begin, giving with the —— a friendly pat and hug.

"Oh, Neal," and tears began to course down the woman's cheeks.

With one arm around her, he stilled the sobs.

"You—you hurt me,"

"Hurt you, mother? How?" gasped the astonished boy.

"By—by talking like this."

"I am sorry I didn't mean to," he replied, the repentant lad. "I won't call you mother again if you don't want me to; it seemed so good, though, to imagine I had a real and truly mother. I never saw her, and—and—"

The lad was himself whimpering now. He buried his face in his hands and protested himself at the feet of Mrs. Rufdale, where he lay sobbing very much as a child for some time. It was a touch from the woman's hand that finally aroused him.

"Neal, Neal, my boy, I meant nothing of the kind," cried she in a breaking voice. "Heaven knows you have been all that a son could be to me ever since we left home to escape the fire. I am only sad that I could die happy. But, Neal, we must not talk of this——"

"Then you ain't mad at me for calling you mother?" exclaimed the boy, glancing eagerly up into the pale face of Mrs. Rufdale. "You know I thought you was; and Mr. Ruff said I was a thief——"

"Hush, Neal; say no more."

"But he did call me a thief, and that was what hurt worse than anything else," declared Neal, springing up and wiping away his tears on his sleeve. "I've done what I could to prove to you that I am honest, Mrs. Rufdale——"

"There was no need of any such proof, Neal, not with me, at any rate," said the settler's wife. "I should be only too proud of such a son. You have done enough for me; now go on and save yourself."

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do."

"And shall I take Dot with me?"

"Yes—no, I don't know," stammered the poor woman, who was on the verge of collapse once more. Neal noticed it, and began to speak of other things. He finally assured her that he should under no circumstances desert her. He would see that she got through all right. It could be only a few miles farther at most to a settlement.

"You must go on, Neal, and leave me here, I cannot walk another step," declared Mrs. Rufdale.

"We will see about that."

An attempt on the part of the woman to walk showed all too plainly that the hardships through which they had passed had been too much for the settler's wife. She had spoken truly—she was too weak to go on.

Here, then, was a quandary. After due consultation it was decided between boy and woman that the former should go down the creek and seek to find help. Meanwhile Mrs. Rufdale was to remain at the bank of the creek with little Dot, and plan for the welcome of her boy friend's adventures.

Neal did everything he could to make the two comfortable. He fetched water in his hands from the creek for them to drink. He built a fire, and then set out in search of to dig some edible roots which served in a measure to appease hunger and hope in the breasts of the wanderers.

"And now," said Neal, when all this had been done, and the boy had kissed and smoothed the hair of Mrs. Rufdale with bare brown fingers and kissed her cheek, "you must keep as quiet as possible, and don't look for anything in the world stir from this place for seven days, or a fortnight, 'cause if you don't I won't stir a step."

"I am not going to stir a step," returned the little woman, with a faint sigh. "I shall not even look down here near the creek; it actually seems like a well to me. I shall do it best for you to go, why, do so, by all means."

"Well, it's just this way," answered the boy, "I can't do it any good unless here 'long of you and doing nothing. Of course I'm good company, but such company ain't no good with starvation staring you at all. You see, I can't get lost because of the creek, that will direct my head home from the whole I am sure I'd best go ahead and try to find help."

The boy's arguments at length prevailed. With a farewell kiss and pressure of the hand, Neal started on his journey, following down the creek bank. Dot laughingly bade him good-by, and the youngster fetch her papa to her very soon, and the little girl was now very anxious about her father.

Neal followed the creek bank for three hours, and then, as he was getting very tired, he had partaken of during the past forty-eight hours had been insufficient for his needs. The constant exertion of walking had led him to climb the hill and proceed along the brow of the ridge for a time.

Sometimes he found himself in a narrow path made by the deer in crossing to get at the water. The boy was beginning to

heard all, and dimming tears filled his eyes. How kind and respectful they were to him! But Obed, the cranky head of the family, had not been heard from yet. Neal lifted his head and found himself gazing through an open window into a pleasant front yard.

He had been here two weeks, tended by a physician. The past was coming back to him, slowly at first, yet none the less surely. He could remember nothing since his fall in the woods after tossing the message into the creek.

He closed his eyes and tried to think clearly. The sound of an opening door fell dully on his ears.

"Where am I, I wonder?" said he aloud.

"Oh, Neal, you've woked up at last!" exclaimed a child's shrill voice. "Oh, goody, goody!" The speaker ran to the bedside and climbed up, sitting down beside the boy, two chubby arms going about his neck in one joyous hug.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Dot?" said Neal, smiling faintly. "I am glad to see you once more. How is your mother, and—and everybody?"

"Ev'body's all smart 'ceptin' oo, an' you'n gotter git well des as quick as oo can, cos oo is my truly bruvver now. My, ain't oo glad?" and the girl hugged and kissed him explosively.

"There, that will do, Dot," said Neal with a sigh. "I have been here an awful while, haven't I?"

"Yes, a good long while, bruvver."

Neal lay thoughtful while the soft fingers of the little girl petted his hollow cheek and smoothed his tangled locks.

"I must be going soon," he said, half-dreamily.

"Oo ain't goin' away no more. Oo is my bruvver now des as I allus wanted oo to be. Ma said so; yes, and daddy, too."

"I don't know about that," said the boy, burned, you know, but a new one is under way. The neighbors have been very kind, and helped us a great deal. The cow and other stock came out alive; Obed saved the team, and we are going back soon. The loss wasn't so much after all. We are all so thankful for our lives. Obed can't say enough."

"And has he forgiven me for being so ungrateful, so saucy, that day—"

"He has forgiven you, but not himself, Neal," said a masculine voice, and the man under discussion entered and stood, beside the bed. "Did I hear you say something about going away, Neal?"

"Yes, sir. I will as soon as I can walk. I don't wish to be a burden to anybody, sir."

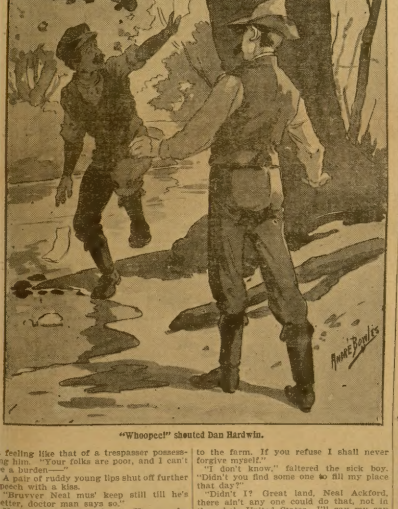
"And don't you like us any more, Neal?" A suspicious tremor shook the voice of the hard-headed settler as he spoke.

"I like you, sir. I am sorry for what I said the day you discharged me, but truly I never stole—"

"I know it, Neal. I know it," burst out the farmer. "That was my bull-headed foolishness. I know all about it now, of your proud, brave honesty. You came back and saved my wife and Dot, saved them and almost laid down your own life to do it. There's been heroes in war, great, strong men, but not one of 'em could hold a candle to you, Neal Ackford, and I feel mighty small in comparison. I hate myself sometimes when I think how nigh I came to killin' my own flesh and blood. If you'd have gone as I ordered you to I'd be mournin' Lydia and Dorothy now, for they'd have both been dead in the woods."

"I don't know," said Neal. "I think—"

"I know," blurted out Obed Ruffdale, taking the hand of the boy. "Everybody about Red Falls and Crystal Lake knows that you saved the folks, and—and if you will, I want you to go with us, Neal, right back



"Whoopee!" shouted Dan Hardwin.

a feeling like that of a trespasser possessing him. "Your folks are poor, and I can't be a burden—"

A pair of ruddy young lips shut off further speech with a kiss.

"Bruvver Neal nuss' keep still till he's better, doctor man says so."

Neal relapsed into silence. He was debating the situation, when the door again opened, and a light step crossed the threshold. Mrs. Ruffdale stood over the boy and was smiling down into his weak and tired face.

"You are better," she said. "We are all so glad."

"I have been here a long time," said the boy.

"Two weeks last night, Neal. Don't you remember how the men toted you out of the woods, and—"

"Don't bother a thing," said Neal.

"And how you lay so long unconscious; of the long fever, and the poor, broken ankle—"

"Not a blessed thing," said Neal.

"And don't you know how everybody is talking about you—"

"Talking about me? For what? I—I did the best I could, Mrs. Ruffdale, you know that," and tears started to the eyes of the boy, while his lips quivered faintly.

"The best anybody could, Neal."

"And you must tell him, your husband, ma'am, that I wasn't as bad as he thought. I never stole anything, and I am going right away just as soon as I can walk."

"Neal, Neal, do be calm."

"What place is this? Not the farm—"

"This is Neighbor Hardwin's house. Ours

to the farm. If you refuse I shall never forgive myself."

"I don't know," faltered the sick boy. "Didn't you find some one to fill my place that day?"

"Didn't I? Great land, Neal Ackford, there ain't any one could do that, not in the whole United States. I'll say my say and you can think about it. I want you to live with us always, to be my boy and call me father. If you can put up with my home I shall be happy; and my wife and you and Dot can be one." Wringing the lad's hand, Ruffdale shuffled from the room.

Lydia Ruffdale came to where the boy lay weeping silently. She placed her hand on his head and said reverently:

"Neal, you called me mother. Can you now continue to call me so, and let me be a mother to you and we both shall live?"

"This—this is too much. You cannot mean it," sobbed Neal.

"I do mean it."

"And I my bruvver all the time, ain't he, mamma?"

Little Dot came and laid her hand on the arm of the sick boy and gave him a soft baby kiss. "My own dear bruvver!"

Neal Ackford turned half over and drew the child with weak and trembling arms to his breast. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he kissed her. That was the happiest moment of his life—a moment that Neal never forgot to his dying day.

The End.

The woman who marries for money gets all she deserves.

Philippine Outlaws.

Felizardo and Montalon are leaders of the ladrones in Cavite and Batangas, in the Philippines. A field correspondent says: "The utmost sang-froid characterizes the movements of these two audacious leaders. In the Farnacue rain, Felizardo, on his beautiful gray pony, stolen in 1901 from Fagan's racetrack, rode almost over the constabulary sentinel. The latter, although he emptied his piece at Felizardo's breast, was unable to hit him. The corporal of the guard also fired his pistol, but with no better success. Felizardo, however, from his seat in the saddle, shot down the sentinel in cold blood, showing the most remarkable marksmanship—for a native—as well as superb horsemanship.

"Time after time Felizardo and Montalon have been reported as surrounded, but somehow they have always succeeded in eluding their would-be captors. They have operated since the inception of civil government almost exactly in the province of Cavite and apparently have no fear of either the constabulary or the forces. Time after time towns garrisoned by constabulary have been invaded by their forces and while they have invariably left behind them rifles, ammunition and constabulary uniforms, the troops have been unable to approach them sufficiently close to deal them a heavy blow."

On suspicion of informing the authorities as to the movements of ladrones in Batangas a friendly native, Don Calbern, was recently seized. By order of Montalon, the leader of the band, his lips were cut off. The victim was also "hamstrung," the tendon of his right leg being severed, so that he will be a cripple for life. He is now under hospital treatment in Manila.

Traits of Gray Squirrels.

Early writers tell of wonderful migration of American gray squirrels, which must have arisen from the rapid increase and consequent overcrowding of a locality. Thousands of this species would start off in a regular army, all moving in the same direction and with considerable rapidity, allowing nothing to stop their onward march. Although these little animals have an extreme aversion to water and do not excel as swimmers, yet, whenever a watercourse, no matter what width, barred their progress, they would not hesitate for an instant, but plunge in and struggle desperately for the opposite shore, seizing upon anything in the way of floating sticks or chips to assist them in the passage.

Unless the river was very narrow by far the smaller percentage of the band reached the farther shore, the rest becoming exhausted and drowning. These armies never seemed to reach any destination, but gradually their numbers would decrease by death from drowning and other casualties, until the band faded entirely away.

Gray squirrels, generally four in a nest, are born in March or early April. They never venture forth from the nest during the first month and are attended alone by the mother. She takes this task upon herself from choice and does not allow another squirrel, even her own mate, to approach the nest.

The Governor's Wife.

"Two men in Buffalo," said ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, "had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a governor had a right to the official title. One man contended that she should be addressed as 'Mrs. Governor So-and-So,' while the other man stoutly declared that she was simply 'Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank.' Finally they agreed to submit the question to the first man they should meet. He happened to be an Irishman. The case was put before him, and he was asked for a decision.

"Neither of yez is right,' said the Irishman, after a moment's reflection. 'The wife of a governor is a governess.'"

Jollying Her.

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"What induced you to call on me in preference to the other girls?" asked the beautiful maid.

"Alcohol brought me to this," replied the young man.

It seemed that she increased an inch in height.

"Sir," she flashed, "do you mean to say you had to be intoxicated before you came here?"

"Of course not. My automobile runs by alcohol."

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WHEN LOVE CALLS.

BY GILBERT DATLE.

Mrs. Rodney Garland was giving an "at home," and her hoffse in Dareston Square was thronged with a crowd of "smart" people. In an alcove at the far end of one of the rooms stood a little group of four—two men and two girls.

"I had no idea that you knew one another," exclaimed Hilda Barnaby.

Lord Algie Gretton laughed. He was a good-looking, sunburnt young man of about eight-and-twenty.

"Rather. Eston and I were at the same college together, and a rattling good time we had of it in those days, hadn't we?" he cried.

Eston nodded. He carried barely a year more than the other, yet his strong, active face bore the imprint of a far older man.

The fourth member of the party, Miss Celia Erskine, turned to Lord Gretton with a quick, impulsive movement. She was a bright-looking girl, somewhat sharp-featured, and had a keen eye.

"Come along, Algie," she said. "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine. And, besides," she added, with a laugh, "Dr. Eston would like to talk over old times with Hilda; they haven't met for years, you know."

"Well," said Hilda to Eston, when the two had disappeared. "Shall we take her advice?"

"Ah!" he answered, with a sigh, as he seated himself by her side, "I cannot help that old life at Baristoke. I, the country doctor's son, you, at the vicarage next door. Yes, I think I will take your advice, Hilda," a tone of reminiscence.

"I am sure we are," she murmured, a faraway look in her eyes. There was a moment's silence, then she broke into a laugh.

"And now?"

"Now!" he echoed. "Now, by a turn of fortune's wheel, you are an exceptionally wealthy young lady of fashion, and the idol of London season." He paused and glanced at her. "And more perfectly lovely than ever!" he finished, with a sigh.

A slight blush crept over her cheek.

"And you?"

"Oh, an outcast as far as society is concerned. I'm a failure," he replied. "Merely a struggling doctor in the East End."

"Why didn't you settle in the West?" she asked.

"Because I couldn't. Better to live in the East than to starve in the West," he said, laughed again. "Oh, it isn't so bad, you know. Hard work, but interesting, and I like it. Yes, it's my life," he finished, and there was a ring of enthusiasm in his voice.

"I think it's a noble life," she said gently. "Yet, until now, you have never come to tell me of it."

He looked at her frankly in the face.

"I dared not trust myself," he said simply, "even though the turn in the wheel had made it impossible. The parting took many into his eyes again. "But I have got over it now, little girl. I'm a middle-aged man what I know I cannot have myself." His glance rested on Lord Algie's figure at the other end of the room. "I suppose I know your secret," he continued, softly. "Mrs. Garland told me during the time I was going to be, and my dearest wish is that you'll be just immensely happy," he finished abruptly.

She made no reply, and they sat in silence for a few moments. Then, suddenly, she glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"The East is calling; I must be back to a case by twelve," he said, holding out his hand. "Good-by. I shall take to reading the society papers just to hear of Lady Gretton's triumphs," he added, laughingly.

Then he turned away, and, with a shrug, his disappear in search of her aunt. She sank back in her seat, and a shower of unutterable loneliness crept over her. A dramatic came up and began talking to her of his part, but she hardly heard him and answered in monosyllables.

Presently Lord Algie found her alone once more. She glanced up at his face, and saw immediately what was in his mind—that which her aunt had schemed for incessantly, the thing to which she had been driven to give her consent.

He leaned a trifle nearer to her, and there was a pleading tenderness in his voice, for some face. He did not love her, she knew. He was an attractive young man with a title and nothing else but a very moderate allowance from a relative; she had money, and the combination would make an agreeable arrangement for carrying on a successful social campaign. But a slight shiver run through her at the prospect. He moved to speak.

"Not now, Algie," she said, hurriedly. "Another time—tomorrow, perhaps."

Almost at the end of the evening Celia Erskine sought an opportunity of a few minutes' quiet talk with her.

"I was surprised, dear," she began, softly, "whether you knew that Dr. Eston might possibly be coming. A distinguished West End physician by now, had it not been for a little incident in the past which, of course, know his father left him several thousands?"

"He could have bought a good practice with that," she continued, meditatively, "and with his ability—"

Quite artlessly the girl with the green eyes chattered on, gradually unfolding a story. As she told it, Hilda sat in a shade paler, and leaned back in her seat. At the conclusion she was silent and held out her hand to her.

"What made you tell me that?" asked Hilda, in low voice.

The girl with the green eyes smiled.

"Oh, I only thought you'd be interested. Good-night, dear."

* * * * *

The residents of Dinton street, in London's East End, were considerably astonished the next afternoon at the spectacle of a smart brougham passing through their squalid midst. They were still more interested when they saw it draw up before the fall, gloomy house in which the doctor lived, and a young lady slight and give some directions to the coachman.

Hilda, for it was she, knocked at the door and waited. Presently it opened, revealing an elfish-looking boy of about eight, with his right arm in a sling. He contemplated her critically.

"Is Dr. Eston in?" she asked.

"No, 'e ain't, but I 'spects 'im 'ome almost d'rectly," he answered. "Will you come in an' wait?" he added, hospitably.

He led the way through the dark passage to a fairly large room; it was evidently the doctor's living apartment.

"I see you," explained the boy. "Mrs. 'Ansall, 'is housekeeper, is laid up with a bad ankle. So I 'ave to look after 'im 'ere."

"What's your name?" asked Hilda, much interested.

"Jimmie Dent. I ain't much good just now," he said, with a pathetic glance at the arm in the sling. "I got it broke the over by a milk cart," he added, in a burst of confidence. "Anyway, I was full, so the doc 'ad me 'ere. 'E's goin' to send me to a 'orspital the next week, but that's the sort the doc is," he finished, a flash of enthusiasm lighting up the pinched little face. "I'd walk miles limpy to a door."

"It's bin at it all night, an' most of the day, so I'll just 'ount 'im 'ome. You sit down and amuses yerself while I git it."

"You can't do much with that arm," said Hilda, with a smile at the quaint little boy.

"I don't mind," responded Master Dent, graciously. "Please yerself."

He left the room, and Hilda, in a few minutes later, he found her busily engaged in cutting bread and butter. He rubbed his hands together in great glee.

"Hilda!" he cried.

She smiled at his astonishment, but, after a few words as to how she got there, refused to give him any further explanation until he had sat down and drank the tea she had prepared.

He was tired, and, sinking down in his chair, did as he was told. It seemed very strange to her that she of all people should be tending to his wants with her own hands, and for the moment he gave himself up to the sheer delight of it. At length, when Master Dent had retired to bed, Hilda sat down again in his chair and faced her inquiringly.

"Last night, after you were gone, some one told me of the wrong Lord Gretton once did to you," she began, nervously.

"That old yarn!" he asked, lightly.

"That he and you were great friends at college, and were speaking hurriedly and with bent head. "That he got heavily into debt, and that, to help him, you put your name to a bill for a large amount, on the understanding that he would come into his fortune before it became due," she paused.

"I knew that he had no fortune to come into, and that all he would have was what he had now—allowances from his aunt. In consequence you had to pay the bill, and so lost your chance of a fair start."

He raised his head, and looked him in the face. "That was what I heard; I came to know if it were true."

He broke into a queer little laugh.

"Here or less," he said. "But you must not think too hardly of Gretton. It doesn't matter to me now. What I might have been I am not, and—and what I am, I am really, I'm almost thankful. I'd rather be a poor, struggling doctor in the finest practice in the swell section of London than be with the gloves off, but it's real and strong, and I just love it."

He moved toward her, and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"So don't think hardly of him, little girl," he said. "He wasn't bad—only careless."

"I will not think hardly of him, Hilda," she said, quietly. "I do not love him, and I am glad to know that a man shouldn't be careless of his honor," she added, with a flash in her eyes.

He was silent. She walked across to the mantelpiece and took hold of a photo frame that stood there, her own portrait in it.

"You have kept this all these years?"

"Yes," he answered, simply. "It reminds me of how our lives have branched since we started from the same point. You at your dazzling end—"

She swung round suddenly on him.

"My dazzling end!" she cried, bitterly. "Oh, don't you see, Norman, how unutterably weary I am of fashionable nothingness life I lead? How I would willingly give every penny I own to feel I was of some use, dear?"

He took a quick step forward and looked her full in the eyes. She was deadly white.

"Don't Hilda!" he cried, hoarsely. "Else I shall forget—the impossibility of it all—the—"

There was a crimson spot on each of her cheeks, and a glorious light was shining in her eyes.

"Forget, then," she whispered, "and make me the happiest girl in the world."

* * * * *

Some few weeks later Lord Algie was engaged in conversation with Celia Erskine.

"And you really mean to be—married?" he was saying. "Every few years, though, you will find something like this happening—a real love affair, and you will run from sheer love of the bizarre. But marrying a doctor in the East End living there—good Lord!"

He linked his arm within the girl's.

"I'm awfully grateful to you, Celia, for saving me from looking quite a fool."

"I'm awfully glad," she made a point of being frank with one another.

"I haven't Hilda's money, but my few thousands are better than nothing," she said. "Besides, I've been silly enough to love you for years, though you are a frightful villain, aren't you, Algie?"

"I should dearly like to know who told her of my little business with Eston," he murmured, meditatively.

The girl with the green eyes laughed softly.

"So should I," she said.

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The Sword of Fate.

(Continued from page two.)

saying she was afraid to have him. He smiled, and his eyes lit up wonderfully, and she went to the door with him, clinging to his arm as I had never seen her do. When they reached the open door he made her go back, for the night air was chill upon her bare shoulders and arms, and, stooping, he kissed first her lips, and then one shoulder, which rose from her drooping dress. As he turned and walked away I never saw such a terrible change come over her lovely face. Never before, and I hope never again, will I see such an expression. The loathing, the disgust written on those features was something to make one's blood turn cold. Somehow I felt that I could appreciate her feelings. I have seen him kiss her lips, and she has been very sweet about it, but it was his caress upon her shoulder which she could not endure. How deep must her love be for the other man, that the touch of her husband's lips causes a look on her face not far removed from hatred. If she were not a good, true, noble woman, I would be so frightened. I am afraid, horribly afraid, and I dare not say anything to Phil, for it is dangerous to give expression to such words. A man like Roland Kerston, loving as he does; a woman like she would be with a man she loves, and between them one old man. Why, it's awful to think anything. I dare not think. I must not write, but I wish I had never come to this hateful place where my every thought is overshadowed with gloom. Every moment I am watching and dreading, except those few I spend with my Phil. Oh, Phil, I know my love is yours, my darling, for all eternity! Will I seem as dear when we both grow old? Will your eyes seem as clear to me when they grow old and sad like Mr. Richards'? Will I seem your own little girl when I grow fat and toothless like Mrs. Prouty? How silly I am! Now I am going to bed and sleep, and try to forget everything except that I will guard my Princess even from herself, and that the next time I see Phil, I will, yes, I will tell him that I love him, and that as soon as I can leave Mrs. Richards I will marry him.

"My goodness, what is that? Why, horrible me. What can it be in this house of terror? Phil, come and rescue me out here. I lose my mind! I feel myself screaming, but I must not; I am coming little mistress, I am coming. Why do I sit still and write on? Dora Winston, have you no courage? Yes, I am coming."

In the Ledger of next week another instalment of this charming story will appear. With each subscription to the Ledger we give a free camera or patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Fully Defined.

"I want you to be very careful to learn to do things my way," the housewife said to the middle-aged colored woman whom she had secured as a servant.

"Yaas, 'm," was the reply, "so's I'll done git myself habituated."

"You use pretty large words, Martha."

"Yaas, 'm. But I done knows de meanin' of 'em."

"What does 'habituated' mean?"

"Well, I dunno ez I kin e ackly tell you, but I kin splain it."

"I should be very glad to have you do so."

"Meh Uncle Jim Osborne he done haddes fahm lef' 'im las' mont. He tuck possession an' he's libbin' dah jes' fine. He's got all de chickens he wants, an' he allus was powerful fond er chickens. But dis is de troof. Ebry time he makes up his mind he gwineter git on his big gum shoes an' take out er dahk lantern an' goes out in de night an' watches er pullet often 'is own roos' before it hab er chance ter squawk once. Dat's what it is ter git yohse'f habituated."

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REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Third, be sure and write your name and address very plain. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

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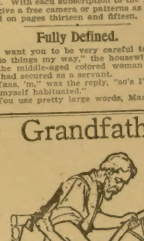
Grandfather's Cure for Constipation



They don't flush out your Bowels and intestines with a costly waste of Digestive Juices, as Salts, Castor Oil, Calomel, Jalap, or Aperient Waters, always do.

No — Cascarets strengthen and stimulate the Bowel Muscles instead.

These are the Muscles that line the Food passages and that tighten up when Food touches them, thus driving that Food on to its Finish.

They are the Muscles that turn Food into Strength through Nutrition.

Well,—a Cascaret acts on your Bowel-Muscles as if you had just Sawed a cord of wood, or walked ten miles.

That's why Cascarets are safe to take continuously in health; and out of health.

Because they move the Food Naturally, digesting it without waste of tomorrow's Gastric Juice.

They thus work all the Nutrition out of it before it decays.

The thin, flat, Ten Cent box is made to fit your Vest Pocket, or "My Ladys" Purse.

Carry it constantly with you and take a Cascaret whenever you suspect you need one.

Thus you will ward off Appendicits Constipation, Indigestion, — and other things besides.

Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

A sample and the famous booklet, "Curse of Constipation." Free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

GREAT medicine, — the Sawbuck.

Two hours a day sawing wood will keep anyone's Bowels regular.

No need of pills, Cathartics, Castor Oil nor "Physic," if you'll only work the Sawbuck regularly.

Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and,—Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood-pile.

* * *

But, if you will take your Exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, and make a Success of it.

Because, — there's only one kind of Artifical Exercise for the Bowels and it's name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles, without work.

They don't Purge, Gripe, nor "upset your Stomach," because they don't act like Cathartics.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

THE HARDSHIPS OF A BOY.

I like roast beef and lemonade,
And ham and gingerbread,
And apple pie and pickles, just
Before I go to bed.

But ma she says it wouldn't do
To eat a single bite;
She says that little boys who eat
Such things would die at night.

I'd hate like anything to die.
Yet eatin' is such joy;
Between the two it's pretty hard
To be a little boy.

A CROAKER.

A Bumble Bee and a Fellowe
Were criticising an old Bullfrog.
Said the Bee: "No doubt it's a famous joke,
But I wish you'd give our friend a poke
And ask him to stop that senseless croak."
The serious eyes of the old Bullfrog
Were turned on the Bee and the Fellowe,
And the awkward silence he slowly broke
By calmly repeating his little joke,
And maybe you'll find some other folk
Who love, like the Bullfrog, to sit and croak.

"Now, Willie, it pains me just as much as it does you."

"Maybe so, mamma, but you know I can't get half the satisfaction out of it that you do."

SINCE OUR NEW MOTHER CAME.

The house is bright and cheerful now with windows opened wide,
And in the corners sunbeams dance where shadows used to hide.
We sing and shout the livelong day, There's no one to cry "Shame!"
Or "Children should be seen, not heard," Since our new mother came.

It's nice, when you start out for school, to kiss some one good-by,
And meal times are so gay a child would feel ashamed to cry,
And father's eyes are happy now; He laughs and talks, the same
As other people's fathers do— Since our new mother came.

But best of all, when it is dark and nurse has gone away,
She comes to kneel beside us while our evening prayer we say,
She tucks us in and coils us each some little, loving name,
And bedtime's never lonely now, Since our new mother came.
—Good Housekeeping.

The Reason.

A teacher in "Comic School Tales" was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said: "Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Yes, sir," said the boys.

"Now," continued the teacher, "what I want to know is this: How is that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

A little fellow shouted: "Why, sir, because your feet ain't empty!"

JOHNNY'S TROUBLES.

Sometimes I wish and wish I could
Just be a squirrel in the wood;
And other times I wish that I
Could be a cloud up in the sky.
It's queer, I never wish to be
Just a plain human boy like me.

I guess that's 'cause somehow a boy
Has so much that gives him no joy.
For first it's "Johnny, go to bed!"
And then it's "Get up, sleepy head!"
And then it's "Run to school!" and then
It's "Johnny, go to bed!" again.

A Truthful Boy.

Hearing a noise in the pantry, Mrs. Jerrums opened the door softly and went in.

Her youngest son was standing on a chair, with his back to her, helping himself to the contents of a glass jar, relates the Philadelphia Telegram.

"What are you doing, Clifford?" she asked.

Clifford turned around.

His face was smeared from chin to cheek bone with something deeply and darkly red, but the light of truth shone in his blue eyes.

"I cannot tell a lie, mamma," he said, "I'm eatin' raspberry jam."

The Vagrant Plover.

Some of our shore birds appear to make traveling their chief occupation. The American golden plover arrives in the first week of June in the bleak, wind-spent "barren grounds" of Alaska, above the arctic circle and far beyond the tree line, and while the lakes are still ice-bound hurriedly fashions a shabby little nest in the moss.

By August it is in Labrador, where it stuffs itself with such quantities of "crowberries" that its flesh is actually stained by the dark purple juice.

From Nova Scotia it strikes out to sea, and takes direct course, for the West Indies, sixteen hundred miles away, finally reaching southern Brazil and the prairies of Argentine. Sixteen thousand miles does it traverse in order to spend ten weeks on the Arctic Coast!

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Teacher—Tommy, you may spell "felt."
Tommy—F-e-l-t.
Teacher—Right. What is "felt," Johnny?
Johnny—Mamma's slippers.

Little Elmer—What are the little boxes in your desk, papa?
Papa—Those are called pigeonholes.
Little Elmer—And where are the pigeons that roost in 'em?

Little Ethel—Don't you think I ought to have a new doll, mamma?
Mamma—Why, dear, your old one is just as good as ever.
Little Ethel—Well, I'm just as good as ever, too, but the angels brought you a new baby.

The nurse was giving small Mildred her morning bath.

"You must keep your mouth closed while in the water," said the nurse, "if you don't you will swallow some of it."

"Oh, that wouldn't matter," replied Mildred. "There's lots more in the pipes."

A TONGUE TWISTER.

Here is another tiptop tongue-tripper. See if you can say it fast without a mistake:

Betty Botts bought some butter,
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter,
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."

So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter
And it made her batter better.
So, 'twas better Betty Botts
Bought a bit o' better butter.

Young Men Wanted

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